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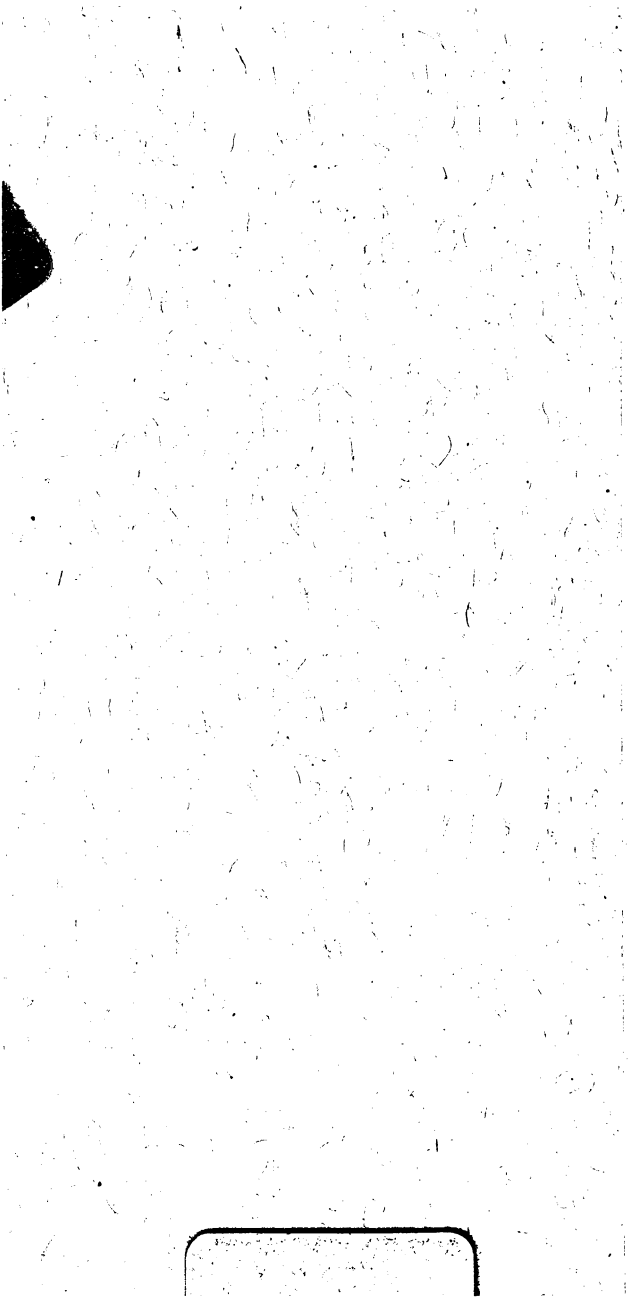

Taylor
NCW

Tayler
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MAY YOU LIKE IT.

BY A

COUNTRY CURATE.

Rev. Charles B. Taylor.

"In brief, acquit thee bravely: play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
Defer not the least virtue: life's poor span
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.
—If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains."

HERBERT.

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DEDICATION.

I gladly dedicate my little book to you, who first taught me to understand true and pure affection: you first told me of *His* tender love, who hath called himself "Our Father," and I learned to comprehend that love, because I felt that it resembled your own.—When I think of you, Memory unlocks for me her cabinet of treasures, telling of a thousand dear associations, which even *you* may have forgotten, but which I can never forget. While I was yet a child, you proved to me the value of affection's slightest gift;

for a look from you said more to my heart, than the sweetest words which other lips have spoken; this trifling token then of my love and gratitude will possess all the value I would fain endue it with; and I know I need scarcely say to my dearest Mother, in thus offering to her my volume, "*May you like it.*"

PREFACE.

I HAVE a vast deal to say for myself in this Preface; and yet I am in the condition of many an ignorant person, I don't very well know how to say it; but I will not take up much of those persons' time who *read* prefaces, I will merely tell them how the rest of the volume was chiefly written.—I was sitting one evening among a family party, most of whom think me rather a superior personage; (not that I am.) The children were just gone to

bed: the tea-things had been removed: many fair fingers were plying their bright needles with delicate speed. I was alone idle, seeming to admire, with earnest attention, the slight firmness of an unfinished purse, intended for me; though, perhaps, I could not help looking more at the small fingers round which the silver and green silk were twined.—"Will you read aloud to us this evening?" asked one of my fair companions; but I took it into my head to say, that I would *write* for their amusement, and I wrote part of one of the Tales in this book, to my own surprise, for I never could relate a story: of course they all admired it, except one who was sleepy and went to bed when I was about to begin reading; there *were* eyes, though, which looked applause not

at all sleepily, but those eyes always look kindly on me.

The next evening, my story was resumed, and soon after, with some others, finished; and then, I was advised to publish. "What," I said, "publish these hasty sketches;" and I raised up one eyebrow, an odd habit of that said eyebrow, which has telegraphic communications with my feelings of surprise. Vanity is easily excited, and as easily persuaded; and a short time after, I actually presented the following Tales to my publisher, which he accepted. "Shall you publish under your own name?" I was asked. "Oh, no," I replied, "because I have really written these Tales after tea, amid a quiet family circle, and I have brought them to you just as they were written; *two only* have been copied from the odd

scraps of paper on which I first wrote them. Now, if I mention this in my own name, no one will believe it, or it may be said, that I have no right to trouble the public with such hasty productions; besides, if I make known my name, many wise heads will shake in judgment over that name, and say, "Very childish performances for —— of Trinity College."

By concealing my name, though the same opinions may be entertained, and I may hear them, still I remain unknown.

I must say a few more words on my strange little volume. The Tales are addressed chiefly to young grown-up persons. I am aware, that "The Childhood of Charles Spencer" may be deemed only fit for a child's perusal, but I am one of those who delight in observing children

and their manners. The mind turns to such simplicity and freshness, as the eye to the first daisies of spring, to the first green blades of young wheat. There is a truth even in the falsehoods of children, which is not to be found in the lie of after-life. With all its proneness to deceit, the mind has not yet learned the art of concealing falsehood: some inconsistent simplicity still lingers: habit has not given a second nature to natural sinfulness: the enemy may have sown tares with the wheat, but the tares are no higher than the tender blades, and they have not yet choked them with their rank and cumbrous growth.

I have been vain enough to introduce what has been hinted to me to be very

gentlemanly poetry; really though, in this volume, it may modestly make its appearance; should it deserve notice, even here, it will not be passed over; should it not, at least nobody can say that I have much pretension.

On one point I must make a few more remarks. I have purposely interwoven Religion with every Tale. I do not say that I have succeeded in showing Religion in its true and happy light, but I have tried not to degrade the cause I have undertaken. I know, as I have somewhere else remarked, that Religion is like pure snow, to preserve its dazzling whiteness unsullied, it should be touched only by delicately clean fingers. The persons mentioned in my stories, would not to the world (if they should act as I mean, and

think they would) appear to obtrude Religion so as to disgust the careless and profane; their faith would be seen chiefly in its beautiful and happy effects, in its ennobling the least actions, and rendering its professors more disposed to make allowances for the failings of others. They would appear to the world as the outside of a watch, where the golden hands are moving regularly over the white dial. In my Tales, I would strive to point out the works of the watch, the spring of such beautiful order. I have seen such effects produced and preserved by that inner spring; and I cannot resist, even in this humble manner, attempting to prove how much real joy there is, even in the saddest trials of the Christian; a joy which is seen in its effects but partially by the

world; a joy which has never found language to express itself, a peace that passeth all understanding. Now is the time, alas! not only now, but the time has ever been, to declare ourselves on the Lord's side. Men have been ever found, who have daringly and insidiously attacked the Religion of Jesus Christ; men, who have known how "to cast

"*O'er erring deeds and thoughts, a heavenly hue
Of words like sun-beams, dazzling as they pass'd
The eyes which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast;"

and a poor pitiful set have been more abundant, who resemble Spenser's

"Fruitful, cursed spawne of serpents small,
The brood of Errour, which may encumber sore."

* Childe Harold.

I wish I could add,

"But cannot hurt at all."

No, it is by this "spawne of Errour" that the ignorant and happy poor are taught to doubt, are bewildered, and made miserable. It is by the weak and shallow arguments and misquoting of such persons, that many a young man of independent spirit is induced to give up the Bible, which he has perhaps *never studied;* the Religion that he has only *professed:* but I may talk thus for ever; only let me entreat, earnestly entreat every one, the young in particular, those just entering on the morning of manhood, to whom I address this volume, to take up the Bible, and (praying for the assistance of the spirit, which can alone guide us unto all truth,) in a humble and teachable mind, to *read*

and *judge* for *themselves*. If there be but the *slightest* chance that the Christian Religion is true, it is a positive duty to search into that truth. Who would refuse to enter some region of eternal happiness, because it was necessary to inquire the way? Let me conclude in these solemn words of a well-known author. "If you have done with Christianity, and determine to live and conduct yourself as if it were assuredly false, sit down then and make a memorandum of that determination. Write it down 'on such a day, of such a year, I deliberately resolved that I would live and die rejecting Christianity myself, and doing all I could to overthrow it: this day I determined to renounce all subjection to and expectation from Jesus of Nazareth, in calm defiance

of that day, when his followers assert, he shall appear in so much majesty and terror to execute the vengeance threatened to his enemies.' Dare you write this and sign it? if you dare not do it, whence does that small remainder of caution arise? The cause is plain: there is in your conscience some secret apprehension, that this rejected, this opposed, this derided gospel, may after all prove true. 'Go thy way for this time,' was the language and ruin of unhappy Felix, when he trembled under the reasoning and expostulations of the Apostle Paul. The tempter presumed not to urge, that he should give up *all thoughts* of repentance and reformation; but only, that, considering the present hurry of his affairs (as no doubt they were many,) he should defer it to a

longer day. Artifice succeeded, and Felix was undone."

ROSINE.

"By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
* * * * * * * * *
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow,
While angels, with their silver wings, o'ershade
The ground now sacred with thy relics made."—

Pope.

"Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
Or idle thought of earthly things remain;
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
Their joy, their comfort, their desire, their gain,
Is fixed all on that which now they see,
All other sights but fained shadows be."—

Spenser's Hymn of Heavenly Beauty

ROSINE.

Rosine, one morning, declined the offer of her sister Sophie, to accompany her in her walk: she wished to think alone; and she hurried on, to get quite away by herself: she soon found that she was nearly at the summit of the verdant mountain, which rose above her father's dwelling. The Parsonage of Rossiniere was a large cottage at a little distance from the village; immediately behind it, rose a hill covered with the greenest verdure; two chalets, shaded by pines and birch trees, stood on the side of the hill; and, beyond it, grey sterile rocks, spotted, in some places, with patches of snow, shot up their spiral summits into the sky: these mountains were usually wreathed with clouds, but in the rainy seasons even the green hill above the parsonage was often

half veiled in floating mists. Rosine sat down on the fresh fine turf: her mind was busy with the schemes, which had that morning been half formed; and the thought, that she might be no longer a burthen to her dear father, had given a sort of tumultuous joy to her feelings, which she had not yet examined. Though a thousand suggestions had presented themselves to her mind, as she had ascended the hill, she had put them all off, saying to herself, "When I reach a place, where I can think without being disturbed, I shall be able to determine. Ah!" she exclaimed, as she looked around, "I am come to the very worst place; for every thing here presses round my heart, endued with some charm, by so many endearing associations. This glorious view of my own dear Switzerland! these rocks! and this emerald verdure! that waterfall, like sparkling silver, with its soft melting rainbow! The air, which seems to inspire health and liberty! the very flowers," she added, sprinkling her lips with the dew, which glistened in the azure chalice of a gentian she had just gathered; "every thing whispers—nay, every thing speaks aloud, of home, and of my country. Oh, how very foolish I was to fix upon this spot! To be sure, I have always come here to think and meditate, before;

but never to think of leaving my own country. Perhaps I am wrong, though; perhaps I am come to the very *best* place, since I remember that the Tempter led our Saviour to an exceeding high mountain; yes, and with the power that Saviour (who has been tempted, in all things, like unto me,) will give me, I may be able to resist this temptation—this great temptation," she said, as her eye rested on the light volumes of smoke, curling and dispersing above the trees surrounding her own cottage. Rosine knelt down, and, turning her face meekly towards heaven, she prayed earnestly for strength; at first a few tears dimmed her eyes, but she rose, composed and prepared. Whenever she, afterwards, felt inclined to give way, she immediately prayed for support, and her prayers were never disregarded.

"What makes my father look so grave this morning?" whispered one of the young children, to his mother, as they were at breakfast the next day. "Why are you so grave, my love?" said Madame St. Alme?—"Rosine is the cause," answered her husband. "How have you displeased your father, Rosine?" Rosine did not speak, but she held down her head, and blushed deeply. She has not displeased me," said her father, "she has made me feel happy, in the possession of such a

daughter; but she has grieved me too, for she wishes to leave us, and accompany M. du Mercie to England, that she may become a governess there." "Come to me, my own best child," said Madame St. Alme, "how can I part with you?" Rosine flung herself on her mother's bosom: "how can we all part with you," she added, as the rest of her children pressed round their mother and sister. Rosine looked up into her mother's face, and said, "I am the eldest, dearest mother, and there are so many of these dear brothers and sisters—so many to increase the expenses of my father: you have both educated me with such care, that I think I could teach; and you know I have been accustomed to do so at home. If you can trust me," she said, doubtingly, "so far from you, perhaps, I may be able to contribute to the support of some of these dear children."

M. St. Alme was Pastor of the village of Rossiniere, which is situated deep in the recesses of the mountains, to the east of Lausanne. Rossiniere is one of those spots where the primitive simplicity and hospitality of the Swiss have remained still uncorrupted; the inhabitants still welcome, with delight, the stranger to their cheerful hearths, and decidedly refuse to be paid for the accommodation they afford. The Parson-

age of Rossiniere had, for some centuries, belonged to the St. Alme family, who had long held nearly the first place in the heart of almost every inhabitant of the village: the Pastor had, from time immemorial, been looked up to as the friend, and had been the consoler, under all their afflictions, of his grateful villagers. Strangers might have talked of the ancient family of St. Alme, but those who knew them talked only of their benevolence and piety.

The time drew near for Rosine's departure, and poor Rosine thought the time flew very swiftly: during the last week of her stay, another temptation nearly shook her resolution. She had felt a slight preference (to which she never allowed herself to give way) for her cousin, a young officer in the Prussian service, who had lately been residing with his mother at Rossiniere. When her intention to leave Switzerland was declared, he discovered that he was deeply attached to her, and he was unable to conceal his affection. Adrien had no fortune, and could offer her no inducement to remain, but, as he parted from her, he could not resist declaring his sentiments; Rosine promised she would not forget him, and her manner proved that she *could* not.

The dreaded parting was over: without the

power to weep, Rosine gazed at her family, till she could see them no longer: she sat, lost in agonizing thought, till at last the one chord of her heart was touched, and a gushing flood of tears relieved her.

As they passed a wood of beech trees, at a small distance from Rossiniere, Adrien sprang forward, waved his hand to her, and vanished instantly among the trees: he had waited there to see Rosine for the last time, and her sad smile was never forgotten by him.

Rosine could not be insensible to the kindness of M. du Mercie, who was the very person best calculated to soothe her: he had also left Switzerland when young, and had been, during the chief part of his life, the minister of a Protestant Church, in London; he was now leaving his country, he had every reason to believe, for the last time; for he was very old, and had taken leave, for the last time, of all his relations; he came over from England for that purpose, and was returning to die there.

During their journey, Rosine saw much to gratify her curiosity, but little to astonish her, till she was standing on the deck of the vessel which conveyed her to England. "This," said she to her venerable companion—"this wonder-

ful ocean *can* be compared to our mountains. Here is one of the Creator's works unpolluted; these vast waters roll on, as they did when God first divided them: man is ever taught *here* his own insignificance." "Yes, Rosine," said the old clergyman, "and the dignity, the great value of his soul, is ever declared to him *here;* for this mighty ocean will pass away into nothing, while the invisible soul must live for ever. God seems to have ordained, that some of the creations of his hand shall be, as it were, for a season, images of his power:—the ocean, the loftiest mountains, may be compared to death; they are not to be subdued by man, but they will be all finally swallowed up, while the soul can never die. Oh! if persons, who trifle with their souls, would remember, that the invisible spirit, which they neglect, as of no value, is superior to every visible object; that the heavens and the earth must be consumed, but that there is a day of judgment—no day of annihilation—for the soul!"

M. du Mercie had written, to inquire for some situation which might suit Rosine; and on her arrival, she proceeded immediately to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, who resided on their own estate, near the western coast of Sussex. They were delighted with her gentleness and

simplicity, and even with the melancholy which would at times betray itself, as they observed she was assiduous in her efforts to become cheerful. She was happy, for she recollected a conversation which had passed between herself and M. du Mercie; he told her, that when he first left his own country, he was very wretched; that he gave way to his feelings, and, after remaining a short time in England, returned to Switzerland; "but," he added, "I was unhappy there, for my conscience continually reminded me that I was neglecting my duty, and refusing opportunities of being useful to my family; this remembrance embittered every pleasure; I went again to England, and, in all the sadness I have since felt, the delightful assurance that I was doing my duty has consoled me."

Rosine was very successful in her exertions; she won the love and respect of all who knew her; with her little pupils she had the greatest influence; and by her patience, and the proved sweetness of her temper, she rendered them, daily, more amiable and obedient. With one of them, however, she wrought little apparent change; this girl had a violent temper, and Rosine found, that often, when she had begun to hope that Miranda had obtained some command

over herself, she broke forth again into fits of passion more violent than before; she would not bear to be jested with, and she continually found something to irritate her, where the offending person was totally unconscious of having offered an affront; never, but once, had she been angry with Rosine, and then she struck her.

One autumn evening, Rosine, to gratify her pupils, accompanied them to visit a poor person, in the neighbouring village: she found, on her return, that a slight cold, which had hardly been perceived before, had increased. She remained at home for a few days, and was soon much better; still the cold seemed to linger. Mr. Stanley was absent, about that time; but, on his return, the extreme paleness of Rosine alarmed him, and he noticed it to his wife: they both recommended her to have medical advice; but Rosine assured them that she was not so unwell as they imagined—that she could complain of nothing but the remains of her cold. One morning, however, after she had been teaching the children, she fainted away; Mrs. Stanley hesitated no longer, but instantly sent for a physician. Rosine was lying down, when Dr. Maynard arrived; after he had seen her, he went, with Mrs. Stanley, into one of the parlours, to write a prescription:

Miranda was sitting in a room beyond that which they entered; the door was open, and, as it was just growing dark, she was not observed; she sat still, not wishing to disturb her mother by passing through the room. Miranda heard Mrs. Stanley talking, and she put her hands to her ears, for she disdained to listen; but she heard Rosine's name, and danger, mentioned; and her hands dropped: she sat, breathless and immoveable, while tears of agony streamed down her face. Long after Dr. Maynard's departure, did she remain senseless, by grief, to every thing but what passed in her own mind, for he had declared that Rosine was in a rapid consumption, and that her recovery was hopeless. At length, Miranda recollected herself, and starting up, she stole, quickly, but softly, to Rosine's chamber; she tapped gently at the door, but the sick girl was asleep: she entered the room, and crept to the bedside, pressing the end of part of Rosine's dress to her lips. She sat down on the ground, behind the curtain, and, leaning her head against the bed, she continued weeping, till she fell, insensibly, into a sound sleep. Rosine, soon after, awoke; she drew aside the curtain, to rise, and discovered the sleeping child—her cheeks stained with tears, and her bosom still heaving,

slightly, with the storm of grief that had so lately subsided there. Rosine stooped down, and kissed her; "Can you ever love me?" said the poor girl, bursting again into tears, (for she instantly awoke) and kissing the extended hand of Rosine;—"I have never ceased to love you, my sweet child," she replied, "nor have I ever doubted your affection for me; you have been hurried away by passion—you have forgotten yourself; but I understood your disposition, and I was sorry for you; I always loved you." "Oh!" said Miranda, "I will try to be so good, you shall never complain of me again,—but my obedience will be too late," she exclaimed, while the hope, which had lighted up her countenance, faded away: "we shall lose you—I know we shall,—for they have told me so—Oh! no, you will not die—you look very healthy—you won't die?" she repeated, drawing still nearer to Rosine, and looking up, entreatingly, into her face. "I do not understand you," said Rosine; "what—what have you heard, my love? Who told you I should die? Did Dr. Maynard tell you?" she inquired, anxiously. "What have I done?" cried Miranda, "what shall I do? I can't answer—don't ask me." Rosine, in vain, attempted to detain her; but she rushed out of the room.

Rosine rose up to shut the door after the agitated girl; she then locked it, and sitting down near the fire, she thought over what Miranda had told her. "Yes," she said at last, "I shall die; she has told me what I ought to know; all my dearest earthly hopes are over. I shall never return home again; I feel I shall die. Oh! my dear, dear parents; my sweet children; this is a very severe trial; for we have parted for the last time: poor Adrien," (she added,) "I little thought I should never see you again! But this will not do," said she, ceasing to weep, "I am weakening my mind, I am not preparing properly for death. I must seek strength."—Rosine did receive strength from her prayers, and such consolation as nothing but prayer could have supplied after such a shock. Was it not a severe shock for one, in the morning of youth, to be told, in such a manner, that she was dying? for one, who was alone among strangers, in a strange country? "It is not the fear of death alone," she thought, "that so depresses me, though I am very young to die; but it is dying away from my own country, my own beloved family."

Miranda had run into the room where her parents were sitting: she threw herself into her

mother's arms, and sobbed aloud: "Oh! I shall never, never forgive myself," she said; "I have told Mlle St. Alme, what Dr. Maynard said to you to-day; I have told her she could not live." Miranda explained how she had heard the conversation she alluded to; and again sobbed. There was an old lady present, the mother of Mrs. Stanley: she was nearly eighty years of age, but the faculties of her mind were perfectly unimpaired.—Her husband, Lord Falkland, had been many years dead; and she had, since then, resided with her daughter. Lady Falkland was much attached to Rosine; who had long valued her more than any of her English friends. "Miranda spoke imprudently," she quietly said; "but it was quite right that our young friend should be acquainted with her situation. I will go up to her, if Miranda will let me lean on her arm."—

"I am come to sit with you," said the old lady, as she entered Rosine's chamber. "You will forgive this thoughtless girl, who loves you very tenderly." She drew forward the blushing, downcast Miranda; whom Rosine pressed fondly to her bosom, and kissed repeatedly. "You may leave us now, my dear grandchild." The sad girl looked up with a mournful, affectionate smile, and left the room.

"You have been told the truth, my sweet friend," said she. "You and I are hastening together, I hope, to a better world. It is proper that we should know our situation: let us strive to fit each other for a happier state, by making the most of the time which is left to us. I could not speak to another young woman, as I do to you: but I think I know you, my love: another might find no consolation in the advice of an old woman, who is tottering to the grave. I think you are prepared for death; and I think the certainty of that, which may be as near others as it is at present near you, only they are unconscious of it, will not fill you with foolish alarms. Your heavenly Father is treating you as a child of his love, in giving you a trial, such as I never met with in my long life—this parting here, for ever, with those you love best on earth: he is treating you as a child of his love also, in taking you to himself, while you are as yet comparatively undefiled by the world. It was thus he called away the blessed Stephen, by a violent death, though, while you are quietly sinking into the grave, you are, my dear child, highly favoured." While Lady Falkland was speaking, Rosine's countenance had brightened with a delight she had never before experienced; her silence was

more eloquent than words, when her friend had finished speaking: for some time after, at night, or whenever she awoke from her broken slumbers, the recollection that she was dying, made Rosine melancholy; but as the novelty of this very mournful feeling wore away, she became perfectly resigned and cheerful. Every attention, that her situation could require, was lavished on the dying girl; but on none did she set such a value, as on those hours passed daily with Lady Falkland. Miranda, too, would, whenever she was able, visit the chamber of her beloved instructress; and be perfectly satisfied if she might sit near her, and look at her. The character of this child seemed to have entirely changed: she was meek and tractable; but the wild exuberant gaiety, which had before distinguished her equally with the violence of her temper, had also subsided: she was never animated with joy, but when declaring her conviction that Rosine would not die, "because she appeared too healthy to die." The child, however, became at last alarmed; for she remarked that Rosine was at times agitated so violently, that her whole frame seemed shaken; while the death-like paleness of her countenance was flushed with deepening blushes of burning crim-

son: from the mere exertion of crossing the room, she would often faint away; and her fits would last so long, that it often seemed as if she would never recover from them. Rosine had intreated, at the commencement of her illness, that no one would write to her family; she knew that none of them could well join her; it was impossible for her to visit them. "Let me, then," she said, "write to them myself; it is a poor satisfaction, but it is the last I can have: I wish to tell them I am dying, in my own way." Her wishes were at first opposed, but she repeated them so earnestly, and her reasons were so excellent, that she was allowed to act as she chose on the subject. Her mind was too confused and depressed at first, to enable her to write as she determined; she waited, therefore, a short time; but she could not quite (in her own opinion) prepare herself for the task when she did write. "I must not delay any longer," she said to herself one morning, "or I may *never* send these letters." She wrote thus to her father:—

"When first I thought of writing this letter to you, my very dear father, I knew not how I could write it, I was so uneasy at the idea; but I have requested that I may write to you myself, and I

am now quite calm and cheerful; more so than I have ever been; though it is a very different calmness and cheerfulness from what I have ever experienced before; you must often have witnessed it, my dear papa, among those, whose death-beds you have attended. I am very ill, that is, I am very weak and languid, though I feel hardly any pain: I am dying!—and before you receive this letter, I may be, perhaps, freed from this infirm body. Need I say to one, who can seek and find 'a very present help in time of trouble,' that I am assured you will all bear my death as you have ever borne the trials of the Almighty? I am not sorry for myself, but for those dear friends who will lament me. Do not let any one, my dear papa, give way to excessive grief; bid them to remember what is my last declaration. I am so very happy in dying, that I would not wish to live now; my soul seems already to have begun its last journey; all the pain of leaving this world is over; it would not return again, without regret; for (I speak as an humble sinner) it seems already exalted and purified;—every one is so kind to me here: I almost feel as if you were all with me. Lady Falkland has, in a manner, supplied the place of my dear father: she joins with me daily in prayer

have the false pride of denying that I would have chosen you for my husband, rather than any one I ever knew. While I live I shall be sensible of your love, and grateful, truly grateful, for it. Nor would I have the false shame of concealing one sentiment of my heart from you at this time. Prove, my dear friend, that your affection for me has not weakened your mind; and bear, like the child of God, the afflictions of our heavenly Father. I could have been so happy with you! but must I wish to chuse between the state to which it pleases God to remove me, and this world's best happiness, when we may meet, also, never to be separated, in heaven? In my prayers you have never been forgotten: I can never forget you, my dearest Adrien. The love of soul will not, surely, be changed by death. Ever watch and pray, then, (partly for my sake) 'that you may pass through things temporal, so that you lose not things eternal.' The pain of parting, death's worst pain, is over;—rejoice with me, my beloved husband."——

M. du Mercie arrived at the house of Mr. Stanley the day Rosine finished the above letters. He forwarded them immediately; writing, at the same time, himself, to M. St. Alme.

Rosine became gradually weaker: death made

every day some visible advance; but its effect on her mind was like that of the summer's sun on the snows of Siberia; the dazzling surface was vanishing, but flowers, already budding into colour and beauty, appeared amid the bright verdure beneath. She had seemed a simple girl before: her character now seemed exalted;—she had been loved (and respected too) before; she was now looked up to as a superior creature. All her actions had something unearthly in them; her conversation displayed the same humble spirit; but she spoke almost as one inspired. All the gentle virtues of Christianity were more gentle and lovely, and the passions of the world seemed spiritualized in her. She seemed like one who is about to take a journey, and had arranged every thing for his departure; she was anxious for nothing, she waited for nothing, but death: and death came at last very gently, as if it looked upon her with affection, and feared to disturb her. She had just received the sacrament with Lady Falkland: M. du Mercie was still with her, and Miranda was seated near the couch where she was lying; the hand of the quiet child was clasped in hers, and her head was reclining on a pillow: Lady Falkland was gazing at her lovely countenance, and fearful even to

stir; for Rosine's eyes were closed (she supposed) in slumber. Miranda felt her hand more fondly pressed for an instant.—Lady Falkland beheld an expression of angelic rapture beam over the countenance before her.—The hand dropped—the face was calm again—something had vanished there—it was the soul.

Adrien had arrived in England the day after Rosine's death: he saw her body in the coffin; but this is his letter to M. St. Alme:—

"I was too late, my dear father: our Rosine had left this world. I could not write before: but it seems now my chief delight to write any little circumstances, to you, concerning her. M. du Mercie has just written to you an account of her death; I can, therefore, only tell you what I have seen since.—Oh! how I felt when they told me she was gone; that I could not see her for one little instant! A sort of torpid despair seized me, and I looked at nothing; I attended to nothing; I answered nothing; I did not notice M. du Mercie, who came down to me, till I heard his voice: he whispered to me that I might see the body of Rosine. I believe I knelt to him:—I was nearly frantic with joy. He led me to the room; and directly I saw her face, I was calm; such a countenance would have calmed any one!

I could only hang over it, in rapturous silence: it was pale as the clearest, whitest, ivory: not a tinge of colour blended with its whiteness, except the soft blue veins which shone through the brow, where they had once meandered: the curls of her rich chesnut hair were not concealed, but lay clustering round her face. The hair looked as if she were alive; it was so soft and glossy; something like the living brightness of her eyes glistened through the long veiling lashes of the closed eyelids. On her beautiful and delicately formed lips such a smile still lingered! I could have gazed for ever,—I forgot every thing; but some one drew me away gently. I turned at last, to answer the soft voice that spoke to me. I was not the least angry, for my heart was softened; and I beheld the only countenance, which I should not have refused to look upon, just as I had been gazing on Rosine's. It was that of a venerable female, and it mildly commanded me to obey. Meekness, majesty, and affection, mingled in the look she gave me while she exclaimed, "She is not here, but risen, and gone, we may hope, into Paradise! Stand no longer as if you thought she were present, as if you were not gazing at her lifeless body, but think of her as one happier than us: recall her

not by one selfish wish: she requires no longer our prayers." This could be no one but Lady Falkland, Rosine's dearest English friend: she took my hand and led me again to the coffin. "With this body," she said, "beautiful, perfect as it appears, corruption is already at work; it will be soon shapeless and loathsome: *this is* not Rosine."—I thought for some time: tears at length relieved me. While I was sitting, shortly after, in a corner of the room, a little girl entered softly, holding up her frock, which was filled with small branches of myrtle; she went up to the coffin, and decked it with them. Taking a rose (which is now so rare) from her bosom, she kissed it, and was about to place it on the body; when its leaves fell away and strewed the floor. "Oh, grandmamma," (said the child mournfully, while her eyes filled with tears,) "my only rose is lost; there are no more: but it is *just* like *her*; it looked as fresh and beautiful, and it dies, just as she did, when I could not expect it."

A MERCHANT'S SON.

"My gentler rest is on a thought,
Conscious of doing what I ought."

Andrew Marvell.

"Stern Law-giver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace,
Nor know we any thing so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flow'rs laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads."

Wordsworth's Ode to Duty.

A MERCHANT'S SON.

THERE are times when the mind indulges itself in a sort of security of happiness; when it allows itself to anticipate a thousand little delights, without one accompanying fear of the future. This particular feeling, from its very nature, can only last a very short time: it is a weakness of mind in any one; it is wrong in the Christian, for it is one of those intervals when he neglects to watch and pray; when he is, from trusting to the world, often bitterly disappointed by the world—it was when indulging in the full luxury of this feeling, that Duncan Forbes returned home; two young men, with whom he was slightly acquainted, had accompanied him from the place where he had last stopped: they were to sleep at Glasgow on their way to England. "Don't you envy me," said Duncan; "you are

both going to a strange inn; while I shall be welcomed by a dear family, who love me more than I deserve, I do believe. Some of them will run out to meet me, I suppose, and I shall be thought so much of, and so anticipated in all my wishes, that if I am my real humble self again, for some time, I only know I shall wonder."—The young companions separated. "Well," exclaimed Duncan, "they can't know I am come, yet James spoke to me as he opened the gate; no one rushes out however. Where can Florella and Jeanie be? and that idle little Marion?—How does every one do?" said he, laughing, as he entered the house. He flew into the room and kissed them all: "You see I am quite well, my dear mother; and I have so much to tell you. Highland air and hard study agree so well with me; I've found time to see every thing, to ramble about, not with guides, but quite by myself, often in the most unfrequented spots. I have been half wild, Florella, when I allowed my mind to relax in the delights of poetry in such poetical scenery. I expected to find wonderful beauties in the Highlands; and I, who have eyes for every depth of mist, who distinguish the thinnest blue which softens the distant landscape, equally with the deepest melting veil

which hangs on the mountain's summit, I have been positively in raptures. You need not be surprised that I allow no time for your answers, for I shall never get to the end of all that I have to say. One recollection wakes a thousand others.—I suppose you would like to see my sketches, though, and my fanciful rhymes." Duncan untied the writing case which was always his constant companion. "There, mother, is a Highland cottage, just the cottage which I admire, for you to look at: its small fields appeared like an island among the dark heath, or rather like an Oasis in the Arabian deserts: not that I think the wild heaths deserts; to me they outshine all rich scenery: hills of every shape rising around, with heather bells in full bloom as far as the eye can gaze, little silvery lakes gleaming in the hollows, are much finer than soft green fields. Then, in winter, such scenery is just as beautiful; it depends not on summer warmth, or spring verdure; and the very clouds which winter darkens it with, add sublimity and grandeur.—Those birch trees are not half elegant enough. That rivulet! I could not paint that rivulet, with the beds of emerald grass and sparkling sand it flows over, with half its coy windings, its silent dimpling depths, and babbling shallows. That blue

patch is meant for a part of the rock literally hidden by a tuft of harebells: now I think of it, here are some lines on the harebell, my favourite flower. Florella, will you read them aloud? No, give them to me, I will read them myself.

With drooping bells of clearest blue,
Thou didst attract my childish view,
  Almost resembling
The azure butterflies that flew
Where on the heath thy blossoms grew,
  So lightly trembling.

Where feathery fern and golden broom
Increase the sand-rock cavern's gloom,
  I've seen thee tangled,
'Mid tufts of purple heather bloom,
By vain Arachne's treacherous loom,
  With dew-drops spangled.

'Mid ruins crumbling to decay,
Thy flowers their heavenly hues display,
  Still freshly springing,
Where pride and pomp have past away,
On mossy tomb, and turret gray,
  Like friendship clinging.

When glow-worm lamps illume the scene,
And silvery daisies dot the green,
  Thy flowers revealing,
Perchance to soothe the fairy queen,
With faint sweet tones on night serene,
  Thy soft bells pealing.—

But most I love thine azure braid,
When softer flowers are all decay'd,
  And thou appearest,
Stealing beneath the hedge-row shade,
Like joys that linger as they fade,
  Whose last are dearest.

Thou art the flower of memory;
The pensive soul recals in thee
  The year's past pleasures;
And, led by kindred thought, will flee,
'Till, back to careless infancy,
  The path she measures.

Beneath autumnal breezes bleak,
So faintly fair, so sadly meek,
  I've seen thee bending,
Pale as the pale blue veins, that streak
Consumption's thin, transparent cheek,
  With death-hues blending.

Thou shalt be sorrow's love and mine;
The violet and the eglantine
With spring are banish'd.
In summer's beam the roses shine,
But I of thee my wreath will twine,
When these are vanish'd.

"How do you like these fanciful verses? fanciful enough! are they not?"—"They are very pretty, my dear Duncan," replied Mrs. F. and she tried to check the sigh that was, however, audible. "I don't know what is the matter with you all," said Duncan, looking round at them; "you are ill, dear mother; I am sure you are, for you look very pale; you *are* ill," he continued in the tenderest voice, "and here have I been teasing you with my follies." "I am not quite well," she answered, as he affectionately kissed her, and then sat down sadly, and quietly, holding his mother's hand; his eyes seemed fixed on the ground, but he saw nothing, for they were dimmed by tears. "How is my father, my dear father?" he asked, starting up quickly: "I did not forget him, but I hardly have had time to miss him; I suppose he is not come home from the counting-house yet." Florella whispered to Jeanie: "I can't bear to tell him to-night, when

he is so gay and happy." "What are you saying, my dear sisters?" inquired Duncan. "Ah! I am afraid my dear father is unwell. He *is* ill, mother, and that is the reason you are so melancholy." "Your father was quite well,"—"*was* quite well," he interrupted, "was! where *is* he then?" "My dear son, he was obliged a few days since to sail for America; for the house in which he is partner there, was, we heard, on the brink of ruin: his presence was required immediately; and he was obliged to go. I am uneasy, for I know not how the house in this country can go on as it should, when he is absent. But you are returned home, and I feel already lightened of half my fears."

Duncan experienced the bitter disappointment which the indulgence of the thoughtless happiness above mentioned often produces: he had forgotten to think to himself, as he returned home, "Perhaps some one may be ill, or dead." He calculated on the health and happiness of every individual: his mind was not prepared; and the grief and surprise that fell on him so suddenly, at the state of his father's affairs, rendered him for a few hours quite unhappy. He had left his family in the enjoyment of every comfort: he found them mournful, and anxious, and reduced in circumstances. It was only for a few hours

though, that Duncan was unhappy, for his mind soon recovered its habitual cheerfulness; and he endeavoured to keep it in a state of habitual preparation: he was what is called by the world very Religious: had he been asked, he would have said that he was far, very far, from being half religious enough. He had also an enthusiastic disposition. Before they retired for the night, he had reasoned away, with the best reasoning, many of the fears, which made his family so melancholy. "Let us trust in God, and all will do well," he said; "not place a half trust in him, but give up as a free-will offering, health, riches, and present happiness to him. It is the Lord; let him do with us as seemeth best, no one will ever have cause to repent of the treatment he has received at the Lord's hand."

"How much happier we all are," said Jeanie, to her sisters, when they were undressing that night, "now Duncan is here; he always keeps mama in good spirits; he puts me in mind of the harebells he spoke of to night; he is, like them, all gaiety and slightness to the view, while his mind is like the rock concealed by their lovely blossoms."—"Jeanie is quite poetical in her illustrations," said Florella, "and quite true in them too: his mind is rendered like that rock, by

religion, and the hope which is for ever springing there, from his entire faith in God, renders him ever cheerful."

Mrs. Forbes had been unwilling to cast a gloom over the remainder of her son's stay in the Highlands.—He was in too distant a part of the country, to be recalled in time to take leave of his father, who set off at a very short notice: she therefore delayed informing him of their situation, till his return home; the day before his arrival, she had parted with her carriage, and dismissed many of her servants, declaring, that, during her husband's absence, she intended living in the most retired manner.

Duncan was just nineteen; he was entered at Cambridge, and in a few months about to go thither. He was very fond of study, and the first wish of his heart, ever since he could remember, had been to become a clergyman. Many, who only saw Duncan, called him effeminate; for he was what is often thought too handsome for a man: the contour of his countenance was truly Grecian, with the exception of his high white forehead; the mild brightness of his large blue eyes was softened by long shadowing lashes; the dazzling fairness of his complexion was contrasted by long silken curls, of

the thickest black hair: he had a habit of blushing, and his flying blushes so often suffused his cheeks, that they had almost the effect of a constant colour: his height was above six feet, but his slight form was exquisitely proportioned, and he did not therefore appear too tall. Those who knew Duncan intimately, never thought him effeminate.

He was very reserved and gentle, but there was a spirit something like that old wild and heroic spirit of chivalry in his character; an absence of that cold calculating selfishness, now so prevalent: his actions spoke more than his words; he had that deep mental courage, so different from common brutal courage, which is always partly made up of the fear of the world in disguise; and the celestial flame of piety seemed for ever silently burning within him; purifying the exuberance of earthly virtues, and consuming every vicious inclination. Duncan had one friend, one real friend, with all the thousand congenialities of mind, so necessary to friendship: they were brothers in soul, excusing never mutual faults, and never resting till those faults were removed. Their friendship was scarcely understood, often doubted, and generally deemed romantic. Had David

and Jonathan lived in this age, would not their friendship have been so spoken of by the world? —*now*, when any deviation, or rather any exaltation, from the common way of the world is deemed extravagant or presuming. Gerald More was two years older than his friend; his character and manners were principally distinguished for an extreme simplicity and truth. He had one sister who was very like him in her appearance and character: she was engaged to Duncan: but no immediate union, owing to the extreme youth of them both, was thought of. Duncan had long considered himself perfectly happy; but a sort of presentiment had also seemed to warn him, that such happiness could not always last. Since his return home he held himself constantly prepared for some change, he thought that all his bright visions seemed fading; that they were like the fanciful and glittering formations of frost, he saw them all breaking up with a thaw; but he was still resigned and determined.

One evening his mother entered the room: a considerable time had elapsed since his father's departure. "Something ought to be done," she said mournfully, "for your dear father's letter which we received this morning, offers no hopes of his immediate return. How unfortunate! that

he should be detained just at this time; but as he says, if the arrangement of his affairs in America is of even more consequence than his attendance to business here, he must remain. I can have no dependance on Mr. Barton; he possesses superior talents; but after the proofs that we have, not only of his imprudence, but, it is too true, of his dishonesty, what are we to do? We do not want talent, but if there were some one with your father's interest really at heart, some one of high principles and unsullied integrity, I think all might yet be saved; without such a person all may be lost."

Duncan had sat mournfully listening to his mother; his brows were contracted with thought; all at once, his features blazed into an expression of mingled hope and delight. "Yes, my dear mother," he exclaimed, "I understand you, I might be this person; I will be this person: to-morrow I enter the counting-house, don't fear that I shall change my resolution, I can be really of use, I am sure I can, I *will* understand business."—"But, my dear boy, you are entered at Cambridge, you are intended for the church." "Oh, my own mother, don't mention, don't think of Cambridge: would you have me go there to be miserable, for I should

think of nothing but my own selfish conduct. Am I not, though, a little selfish now? for I am more pleased with myself than I ever was in my life: as to the church, how can I serve God better than when I am obeying so many of his commandments!"—"Oh, Duncan, my excellent, beloved child! how you make my heart leap with delight, with gratitude, for such a son! May God bless you! your mother blesses you, and implores his blessing for you."—A mother can only know how this mother felt; how joyfully she wept, while all the cares and pains her child had caused her, seemed fully, more than fully, repaid. The mother and her son separated; the former did not sleep, the latter slept soundly.—

Duncan wrote the next day to his friend, and declared his intention of devoting himself, for the present at least, to business. He applied with the most unwearied assiduity to mercantile concerns, and he soon found, that he was able to understand what at first appeared unintelligible. Mr. Barton, the head clerk, for some time, with all the suppleness of a mean mind, attempted to guide him; but Duncan, though he never appeared to suspect him, would attend to every thing himself; he was not to be fatigued or puzzled, but he would sit quietly, and examine every account,

and read every letter himself: his temper was frequently tried, but he always said to himself, "What is the proof of a good temper, if it allows that there can be *any times* when it may be exasperated?" The chief assistance in the knowledge of business, which he received, was from a gentleman who had been for many years his father's best friend: some unfortunate misunderstanding had lately disunited them, but Mr. Forbes so respected him, that he never prevented the intercourse which Mr. Maitland still kept up with Duncan. This gentleman was a rich unmarried merchant, with many prejudices, but the loftiest principles: he was thought very proud and distant; but those who knew him intimately, preferred him, with all his prejudices, to every one else: to him Duncan went, and with the real spirit of Christianity Mr. Maitland seemed to forget all his animosity to the father in his advice to the son.—Mr. Forbes had been written to, directly Duncan entered the counting-house, and full powers had immediately been sent for his son to direct in his absence. At the end of many months, Mr. Forbes returned home: all his exertions in America had failed, and he came back to find his son dangerously ill: his wife also, who had watched with hope and anxiety

the unceasing exertions of her darling son, was also confined to her chamber. Hope had died away when she saw his health give way, and she sunk under the pressure of anxiety. Duncan was a little better the morning of his father's arrival, and he was so anxious to receive him cheerfully, that he tried to convince his sisters he could go down. "If," he said, "my father finds me in the parlour, with you all, there will be less gloom thrown over his arrival; so much depends on the first impression his mind receives! I am much better, I can assure you; I speak as I feel." Duncan was at last persuaded to remain in his own room, but he insisted on sitting up. When Mr. Forbes entered the apartment, he was struck with the alteration in his son's person, but the cheerfulness of his manners quite surprised him: he had been so long anxious, and almost hopeless, that he imagined all connected with him must be so too. "My dearest father," said he, "you are just come in time. I have been able to supply your place, as well as I could, till within the last week, and now every thing will go well: I shall be soon well enough to assist you again."—"Ah!" replied his father, hardly noticing what he had said, "I am very sorry to find you thus."—"Don't be

sorry, father, I am happy. I feel confident our troubles are ending."—"Ending! I know not where they will end! your dear mother is ill: you are ill: I am half ruined: the fortunes I intended for your sisters and yourself are gone—I wish I could think they were ending." Duncan was leaning his head on his hand; his eyes were concealed, but the tears trickled though his long thin fingers. "My poor boy!" said his father, sorrowfully, "forgive me, I should not have spoken my feelings to you, *ill* as you are." Duncan turned his face to wipe away the tears; and throwing back the heavy hair from his forehead, he looked up full into his father's face, and said: "You did quite right to speak, dear sir, I would rather you *should* speak, for I am always able to share your sorrows: your confidence must always please me; I am certainly very ill, but my mind is calm and happy. I am so assured that God's Providence is ever over us. There is only one way to be happy; to depend entirely on God, while we exert ourselves. I am not taking a liberty, in thus giving my opinion; I am convinced, that, could we perceive the future, we should be suprised at the happiness which is dawning there.

"How can you talk so of our fortunes, dear

father? you have given us what is far better than money, good educations; I have heard you often say, that your father left you no fortune, and you know how delightful a reflection it has been to you to look round at us all, and think that, by your own labour, we enjoyed what we possessed; would you deny us that feeling? You have often spoken to me of the importance of Religion: you have told me, since I was a little child to depend on the Almighty. I am sure you will prove, by your own conduct, the effects of Christianity on the mind." Mr. Forbes remained some time longer with his son, and a something like happiness dawned upon him afterwards, but he hardly understood the sensation. On every side happiness seemed shut out; he was one of those persons who reverence Religion, but who do not consider it as the only rule and consolation of life: he never made it the *first* principle by which every action must be regulated; he prayed morning and evening; but though he prayed for confidence in God, when trials came upon him, he doubted. His character bore some resemblance to that of St. Peter, before the resurrection of his Lord: had he been less religious than he was, the conversation of his son might have had no effect on him. It *had* the best effect; for, when he

prayed that evening, his unbelief seemed removed; he rose up with a firm reliance, and his soul seemed to whisper that it could meet such trials as the death of his wife or child, and be still perfectly assured of the infinite goodness of the Almighty; his heart was agonized by the thought, but his faith was unshaken.

At an early hour the next morning, Mr. Maitland called on his former friend, whose heart was touched by the manner in which he seemed to forget every difference that had occurred between them. Mr. Forbes had been perhaps the aggressor, but Mr. Maitland blamed himself. In a few minutes the dispute was forgotten. The reconciled friends went together to the counting-house of Mr. Forbes, who found his affairs in so good a train, that he was indeed surprised; he was inspired with fresh hope.

Poor Duncan grew daily worse, though the health of his mother improved; but he seemed totally unconscious of his alarming state, and his calm cheerfulness never changed: his favourite sister Florella was always with him, and he was always happy with her. One evening he opened his writing case and showed her some of his poetry; but, on reading the following lines,

the composure which Florella had always been enabled to sustain before him gave way, and she sobbed aloud.

CONSUMPTION.

"It is not so hard to die, as I believed it to be. The preparation is the difficulty; I bless God I had time for that: the rest is worse to beholders than to me. I am all blessed hope—hope itself." She looked what she said."

Clarissa Harlowe.

The cheek, where health so lately shed
Its constant bloom of softest red,
Soon like her polish'd open brow,
Was tintless as the purest snow;
Save when delight or fever threw
A fleeting blush of crimson hue
O'er its pale surface; her dark eye
Sparkled with clearer brilliancy.
Her wasted snowy arm no more
Its former rounded beauty wore,
But every azure vein within
Shone through the soft transparent skin;
The touching charm, the pensive grace,
Diffused around her form and face;
Her pure decaying loveliness,
Might well some virgin saint express;

Exchanging for the light of heaven,
The transient joys that earth had given.
She rose, and from her temples flung
The rich dark curls that o'er them hung;
Half fainting then she forward leant
With drooping head and figure bent.
Her pale lips quiver'd: from her eye
Large scalding tears fell heavily.
While her small trembling hand in vain
(Striving to dull their throbbing pain,)
Her fever'd temples press'd, there came
A shivering o'er her feeble frame.

Recovering slowly, by degrees
She rais'd her head to catch the breeze,
Which freshly thro' the casement blew.
Gasping with lips apart, she drew
The air with balmy freshness fraught;
And seeming health a moment caught,
In tones so weak, they well betray'd
Each vital source of strength decay'd;
She spoke of the delights that gave
A cheering aspect to the grave;
While with increasing eloquence,
She seem'd around her to dispense
The comfort she had fain supplied,
But . . . . . .

Florella recovered her calmness while she remained with her brother, but the conviction which she had concealed from herself till then, that he was in a consumption, flashed at once upon her mind. "Poor fellow," she said, "he has described himself in those lines, he is surely dying." Florella was more with him than ever; her life was one constant state of anxiety; for in his presence she was ever exerting every faculty to appear cheerful, and when from him she pined away: she seldom slept during the night, and when the physician, who attended Duncan, declared that a journey to Madeira could alone save him, he told her parents that Florella must also go: she was also in a decline, either from anxiety, or owing to her confinement to her brother's chamber.—"May I accompany Duncan?" she exclaimed joyfully; "Gladly, gladly, would I sacrifice my life to render him happy. I am not at all miserable at knowing that I am so ill, for I may die with my beloved brother." Florella was no longer so anxious; besides, she had great hopes that the milder climate of Madeira would restore them both. Duncan made no opposition to going; his father's affairs were gradually turning out well, and he saw that a willingness to follow the advice of his physician

would be pleasing to his parents. For their sakes he earnestly desired to live, but he felt, and had long feared, that there was little chance of his ever returning to his own country. Mrs. Forbes had determined to accompany her children: during her absence, the sister of her husband promised to take the charge of her family. They were all sitting together the evening before the departure of the invalids; Mr. Maitland was with them, trying (though his own spirits were inly depressed) to infuse something like gaiety into the circle. It is generally thus on such occasions, the most sensible do not try to be quietly cheerful; they aim at being gay, and such gaiety is often like that of insanity, a stern fixed melancholy always lurks beneath it. Jeanie, at Mr. Maitland's request, was singing; he had chosen a lively air; but the words had been written by Duncan, in the manner of Herrick's Night-piece to Julia, when he was thinking of Geraldine More. They brought her instantly to his recollection, and he sighed as she sung the first verse, for Geraldine and her brother had appeared lately rather to neglect him. Gerald had, but a few weeks before, come into the possession of his fortune, and he had promised to see Duncan

before the departure of the latter; but the last evening had arrived, and Gerald seemed changed.

THE SONG.

Yes, her former vows have bound her;
Yes, her former charms surround her;
With her simple grace,
With her modest face,
Still her former love hath found her.

With no studied phrase denying,
To my honest suit replying;
On her innocence,
On her own good sense,
On my truth long tried, relying.

Cloth'd in no costly splendour
No borrow'd charms attend her,
But the native rose
Which health bestows,
And the blush her virtues lend her.

No wreaths her hair confining,
No gems her arms entwining,
But with eyes more bright
Than the sapphire's light,
Where love's purest flame is shining.

"No," said Duncan to himself, as Jeanie ceased singing, "Gerald has not changed; he is detained by some duty. I am unjust, I will not doubt you, my dearest friend; and if we never meet again in this world, we shall never be parted, I *trust we* shall *never* be parted, hereafter." Duncan's thoughts were so abstracted that he had not remarked the entrance of a servant to call Mr. Maitland from the room; he quite started, when his mother gently touched him on the shoulder, and said: "I have something delightful to tell you, my dear Duncan." He dashed away the tears which had filled his eyes, and forgetting his usual self-command in appearing cheerful, said, in a deeply sorrowful tone, "Is there any thing which can delight me?" He recovered himself instantly, and tried to laugh; but the expression of his countenance only made his mother melancholy: his features however did regain all their serenity, nay, they kindled into looks of rapture, as he heard a carriage drive up to the door, (such was Gerald's thoughtful precaution, that he would not allow even the sound of a carriage to create a dangerous surprise, and had remained at some yards' distance, before.) Duncan was certain that his friend was arrived: he was so happy that he could not speak; when

he saw him he could only clasp his hand and look up into his face: he wiped away his tears to no purpose, for still they flowed: he was obliged to retire, however, almost immediately, for he became so agitated that his weak frame could not support the exertion: he continued weeping, his chest heaved, and a sort of convulsive sob increased so violently, that had he not been taken away, he would have fallen down in a fit. When in bed he soon became quite composed, and was able to bear the presence of his friend, who sat by his bed side till he sunk into a placid slumber.

Gerald More was a true friend: he had not written to Duncan, for he was engaged in arranging his affairs, so that he might accompany him abroad. He had left his sister, (for he wisely judged that the parting from her would be too much for his friend,) with her aunt, and he was come quite prepared to embark with Duncan; no entreaties could prevail on him to change his resolution, and the next day they went on board the vessel.

I will not attempt to describe what this family felt on parting: neither Duncan nor Florella remained on the deck; but, alone in their separate cabins, they were offering up their prayers to

their Heavenly Father, and power was given them to bear up under their great trial: they knew not if they had not looked for the last time on earth at the half of their family from whom they were divided. Dismal was the meeting of that half of the family who remained behind, that evening; it seemed as if Duncan and Florella were already taken away from them by death: the night before they were all together, and being together, they could not but be happy; now, the best and loveliest of the group were gone; but Mr. Maitland came to them, and employed all his powers of pleasing; he did not turn their minds from the one sad subject which engrossed them, for he knew that the return to a consciousness of misery was made, by such a contrast, only more gloomy; but he led them on from one degree of hope to another; he expatiated on the benefit of a sea voyage, on the climate and lovely scenery of Madeira. And they all perceived that love for their dear relations ought to repress every selfish sorrow.

Gerald More had been many weeks with his friend, when he was recalled by some important business to England; he had however the happiness of leaving Duncan and his sister considerably better: the friends corresponded regularly. So

little has been said of Gerald More, that perhaps some passages from his letters would give a faint idea of his character. It was certainly like that of his friend in its distinguishing features. Their souls, from such constant communion, had acquired a sameness of thought; and the congeniality of their tastes and feelings had blended them together still more entirely. I shall not quote many passages, and only from some of those letters which were written to Duncan shortly after his return to Scotland; and when, having given up all his former plans with regard to entering the church, Duncan had become a clerk in his father's counting-house.

"Your last letter, my dear Duncan, gave me more pleasure than any you ever wrote me. Do not think this strange, when it contained such melancholy reflections; but it so beautifully exemplified the old device of a palm-tree, which is said to flourish best beneath a weight, with the inscription, "crescit sub pondere virtus," which forms a part of the frontispiece to the Εικων Βασιλικη, or Meditations of King Charles 1st.

"Tho' clogg'd with weight of miseries,
Palm-like, depress'd I higher rise.

And as the unmov'd rock out-braves
The boisterous winds, and raging waves,
So triumph I, and shine more bright
In sad affliction's darksome night:
With joy I take this crown of thorn,
Tho' sharp, yet easy to be borne.
That heavenly crown, already mine,
I view with eyes of faith divine;
I slight vain things, and do embrace
Glory, the just reward of Grace."

"Oh! how thankful I am that you possess a fortress whereunto you may continually resort! what had you done without it! I think the more effectual way of bearing our afflictions is to think of what our Saviour bore for us. When we think He, who is higher than the highest, became lower than the lowest; and as it is expressed in that beautiful 53d chapter of Isaiah, "was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," how can we murmur at our severest trials? Then, what comfort he affords us! "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows;" and how tenderly does he invite the sorrowful to repose their griefs on him! "Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy-laden, and I will give you

rest!" The more we are afflicted the more we are like him, who in all things we ought to resemble, and never forget that he himself has pronounced those blessed, "who mourn and weep; for they shall be comforted." Oh! if we loved him as we ought, how *very* thankful we should be, when he draws us near to him, and by showing how vain is the help of man, teaches us to "cast all our care upon him, for he careth for us." The more I reflect, the more wonderful I think it, that God should so humble himself to behold the things that are upon the earth; but "as his majesty, so is his mercy." Dear friend, how heartily do I join in that prayer in the Εικων Βασιλικη; "Let both our hearts agree in the love of thyself, and Christ crucified for us. Teach us both, what thou would'st have us to know, in order to thy glory, and our soul's eternal good; and make us careful to *do* what good we know. Let neither ignorance of what is necessary to be known, nor unbelief, nor disobedience to what we know, be our misery, or our wilful default. Let us see thy sacred and saving truths, as thine, that we may believe, love, and obey them as thine, cleared from all rust and dross of human mixtures. That in the glass of thy truth we may see thee, in those mercies which thou hast offered to us,

in thy Son, Jesus Christ, our only Saviour; and serve thee in all those holy duties, which most agree with his holy doctrine and inimitable example. The experience we have of the vanity and uncertainty of all Human Glory, let it make us so much the more ambitious to be invested in those durable honours and perfections, which are only to be found in thyself, and obtained thro' Jesus Christ." I did not at first mean to have copied out so much, but the whole is so beautiful, that I am sure you will be glad I have done so. How do you like these lines?

CHARITY.

As southern breezes softly bearing
To faded cheeks health's purest hue,
Their bright effect alone appearing,
All else conceal'd from mortal view;

Thus let thy servant's alms be given,
Thus, Lord, reviving aid bestow,
Invisible to all but Heaven,
The humble source from whence they flow.

"Instead of going to bed, tho' it is half past twelve, come, I will sit down and converse with the rake, who first taught me bad hours. I am

now going, my dearest Duncan, to answer all those things which haste prevented my observing in your last letter. Imprimis, you call my letters *almost dangerous*. As how?—I praise not you; I praise not man, but God, thro' whose grace the best is what he is. "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?" 1st Cor. iv. 7, appears to me the axe destined to be laid at the root of all pride. Can any man seriously feel this, and be proud? No, it is God who not only makes us differ from others, but from ourselves, since we have within us another self, to which, if we were wholly delivered, what were we?—Duncan, I repeat it again, God means you for great things. Woe unto you, if you frustrate his designs! That his strength may be *in* you, and that all men may glorify God *in* you, as St. Paul says, is my prayer for you. If God puts into any of his creatures any goodness, it is as the lamps contained in the earthen vessel of Gideon. The brightness is foreign to its shrine. What you tell me of your increasing knowledge of your own faults surprises me not. Did not I once compare Religion to a sun-beam falling on a chrystal vase of water? a thousand particles, before unobserved, are now seen to float in the element supposed so pure.

"God certainly intends you, my dearest friend,

for no common lot; for no ordinary degree of virtue; else, wherefore are all these trials inflicted? or why are you so often called upon for the exercise of faith, patience, fortitude, resignation? The stones which formed the temple of Solomon were brought to the edifice already polished, already fitted for their situation. Are you not undergoing a similar preparation for that temple made without hands; where he, who becomes a pillar, shall go no more out, but shall abide as the city of our God for ever.* I feel for you as friends, who are become one, must feel for each other: yet your letter gave me a joy in grief; for I saw religion realized. I saw the glorious advantage, which a Christian has over the unbelieving or the careless world. I bless God, that you can not only assent to, but justify his dispensations: that you not only say, "Thy will be done;" but also, "make thy will my own." Do not trouble yourself to write about matters that only regard me, if they cause you to make a painful effort to turn your thoughts to them. My admiration of your dear mother's character rises from all I hear of her. That she should retire to pray, shows where her hopes are

* Revelations, ch. iii.

laid up, whereon her trust is reposed. Oh! does not affliction's powerful hand draw more closely those bands which unite us to our heavenly Father? When do we pray so fervently, when do we feel so warmly, as when earth is shaded from our view, by the dark eclipse of sorrow? But what had God been without a Saviour? a Being as far removed from our thoughts as from our comprehension; a Being brought into contact with our feelings, in no possible way. Mysterious union! yet in its results so incomprehensible! Do you not now feel, oh! my dearest friend, the *real*, substantial joy of having "a high Priest, who can be touched with the feelings of our infirmities?" Yes! glory indeed be to God, for every mercy; but above all for this unspeakable gift!—I can write no more; the evening closes in so fast, like life; but *we* can look to a happier dawning; so that not for this world only, I would subscribe myself

Your friend, by every holiest tie,

GERALD MORE.

"Do not neglect this opportunity of saying something impressive to the younger part of your family."

"How has your noble ingenuousness raised you in my estimation, my dear Duncan! to *know* one's faults is a great merit, but candidly to *acknowledge* them, is the greatest of all; and these three you have made your own. Indeed, I cannot wish you faultless, when your faults blaze forth into virtues, *ex fumo lux;* for what merit is there in being, by nature, indisposed to any error? The merit, the glory, is to overcome nature, to lead our follies captive at the wheel of reason; to be conquerors of ourselves, and by ruling our own spirits, to become greater than he that taketh a city. I was always sure that a mind like yours was *misled* by a false principle; that you erred *in* judgment, not *against* judgment: and I was also sure that the light would at some time break in upon you. I was infinitely more blinded than you, and it is only very lately that I have *began* to see many objects in their right light. I am conscious that still my eyes have only received the first anointing, and that, like him who saw men as trees, I still behold many objects through a false and distorted medium. Shall I tell you what first opened my eyes to the truth? the perusal of the Scriptures, which, till lately, I am sorry to say I never searched as I ought. There I found the fol-

lowing *express* declarations. "Love not the world, neither the things in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."—"The friendship of the world is enmity with God. Whosoever will be a friend of the world, is the enemy of God."—"If the world (says our Saviour) hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you."—"Wo unto you, when all men shall speak well of you; blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company; and shall reproach you and cast out your name as evil, for the son of man's sake: rejoice ye in that day and leap for joy; for great is your reward in heaven." "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." I shall make no apology for quoting Scripture in a letter, however contrary to *custom*, and however it may be ridiculed by the generality of people. *Some* I know would set me down as a Methodist, directly; but how ridiculous it is to care about the stigma of a *mere* name, while we take no care to avoid imputation of being a *worldling*, though that is really and essentially odious in the sight of God. Besides, I wish you, my dear Duncan, to know my real sentiments on

such important points; since, though *acquaintances* may be satisfied, *friends* must go deeper: true friendship does not confine herself to this transitory life; she looks beyond the grave and is much more concerned for the eternal than the temporal welfare of the object of her regard, as the spirit outweighs all the fleeting objects of time. Assured, then, that you will consider all I have said, as the most *solid* pledge of the durability of my affection, I will proceed to other topics."

"My dear Duncan,

"It is quite refreshing to sit down to converse with you, after being constrained to shut up every real feeling among those who could neither understand nor appreciate them. —As for your letters, they are always as welcome to me as the voice of a beloved friend can be in a strange land.—I lock myself up in my own room, I imagine you present, I read your sentiments, and fancy that you yourself are uttering them. Your last letter was read by me with every feeling of mingled joy, sorrow, sympathy, and friendship. That you can bless God, when his ways are in the great deep, and his footsteps are not known, I rejoice: that you

have a prospect of recovering what you imagined to be lost pleases me also, but not equally. That you may recover it, is my wish, for I am sure that you were too little depressed by adversity, to be elated by prosperity. Sincerely do I grieve over your dear sister's indisposition; but while I grieve, I also hope that as her frame suffers, its immortal tenant may be more and more convinced of its high destination.—The waters must be troubled before the healing takes place, the billows must break ere they cast the pearl of high price on the shore.—Oh, may she be quickly restored to your prayers, not only with renewed health of body, but of soul!—So many afflictions could never befall your family, if God loved you not. He does not only smite you collectively, but severally; thus demonstrating that he will be a Father to each; not only a Father by creation, but by that renewal of mind after his own image, which, by faith in a Saviour, he will effect. Look to Him, my dear Duncan, and that only through his Son. He can, he will, be approached in no other way. "No man cometh unto the Father but by me!" Archbishop Leighton explains this beautifully. He says:—"A man living without Christ may have some belief of those

things spoken concerning God; but to repose on God as *his* God and his salvation, which is *indeed* to believe in him, this cannot be but where Christ is the *medium* through which we look upon God; for, so long as we look upon God through our own guiltiness, we can see nothing but his wrath; but our Saviour, taking sin out of the way, puts himself betwixt our sins and God, and so makes a wonderful change in our apprehension of him. When you look through a red glass, the whole horizon seems bloody; but through pure uncoloured glass, you receive the clear light that is so refreshing and comfortable to behold. Take Christ out, all is terrible; interpose him, all is full of peace: therefore, set him always betwixt, and by him we shall believe in God."—Dear Duncan, if you can procure Bishop Pearson on the Creed, pray read it. Every one ought; also, Burnet on the Thirty-nine Articles.—I have read them, and am convinced that *all* the articles of our Church are as firmly founded on Scripture as a house on a rock. I am sure that you advance in Christian knowledge. Remember there is no standing still. Look at the generality of mankind; are they, like a chariot-wheel, advancing, or, like a mill-wheel, for ever turning

round in one place? Meet them again at an interval of months or years; do we not see the same tempers, the same passions, the same frivolous objects of pursuit? Does not this *prove* the absence of that renovating principle, which gradually changes the whole man? Do not let us, by God's grace, be so: let us forget the things which are behind, and, hand in hand, press on to those which are before. Let us not be satisfied with a single day which is not marked by a vanquished passion, or an increase of love to God, and usefulness to man. Thus becoming more like our Saviour we imitate, we shall grow more like each other, and consequently more dear to each other. Love brightens as it returns to its source. I hope to see you ere long, and to say in person how unchangeably

I am,
Your friend,
GERALD MORE."

Geraldine More was one day walking on the sea shore near Brighton, when she observed a small fishing boat approaching the land. The sun shone brightly on its white sail, and she stood still to watch its course: there was little wind,

and one of the crew was therefore rowing. As the boat came nearer, she was struck by the graceful manner in which this person rowed; and by his finely shaped head and throat, which were bare. She could only see part of a cheek, bright with rosy health, for the rest of his head was turned away. There was about this young man a strange resemblance to some one Geraldine had seen before (it was to Duncan); she knew it not, for she only remembered that Duncan was ill at Madeira. The person before her was apparently in full health, and strong,—at least strong enough to row; besides, his dress was that of a common sailor. The boat came close in to the shore, and Geraldine turned away sighing. She had nearly reached home, when she heard a footstep behind her. Involuntarily she looked round; one glance told them both that they could not be deceived; Duncan was indeed with her, looking more healthy, more handsome, than she had ever seen him.

This is easily accounted for. Duncan and his sister, being restored to health, had embarked for Scotland; but their vessel, two days after they embarked, was taken by a French privateer. Duncan had been sent to a prison; his mother and sister had been compelled (for they

entreated to be allowed to remain with him) to separate from him: they had taken their passage, accordingly, to Malta; from which place they intended returning to Scotland. They did not arrive at Glasgow till a week after Duncan's return thither; who had escaped from his prison almost immediately after his confinement in it.

Florella and her mother were quite wretched as they drew near Glasgow, for they knew not how to break to his father and sisters the sad news of Duncan's imprisonment. Little did they imagine that he would be the first person to welcome their return! That evening, the same party, which, nearly a year before had assembled, met together;—with what different feelings! Mr. Maitland again asked Jeanie to sing. *Now* he chose a plaintive song: they were too happy to be merry. Jeanie looked up just before she began to sing, and smiled archly at Duncan, for a tear was trembling on the blushing cheek of Geraldine. She was then playing the air of her friend's favourite song; it recalled the remembrance of many delightful evenings, but never had Geraldine been so happy as on that evening. The last, *last*, note of the symphony died away. Jeanie began to sing,

THE COURTING;

OR

CHAPPIN OUT ANNIE.

Dear Annie, dinna tremble so,
Nae warlock slily wanders near;
'Tis but the burnie's gentle flow,
The sound of stirring leaves, you hear.

The birdies on the greenwood spray
Have ceas'd their melting notes of love;
Nae troutis in the streamlet play,—
But hush'd is a' the sleeping grove.

Nay, lassie, raise thy tearfu' e'e;
Part frae thy face the gowden hair;
Nor let the rosy colour flee
Frae that dear cheek sae palely fair.

Deem not the birken siller stems
Which glisten in the soft moonlight,
Where ev'ning hangs her dewy gems,
The burnish'd arms o' hostile knight.

Then dinna, dinna tremble so,
Let love, dear lassie, banish fear;
'Tis but thy lover's plighted vow,
His whisper'd faith, you trembling hear.

Duncan looked round as his sister finished singing; he remembered his feelings the last time she had sung to him. He left the room; when he returned, his manner was perfectly composed, for he had been praying; but his eyes were red, for he had been weeping.

Mr. Forbes is now more wealthy, and far happier, than he has ever been. Duncan has left Cambridge, and will be shortly ordained: he only waits till he shall have completed his twenty-third year.

NAOMI.

"And give thyself unto him full and free,
That full and freely gave himself for thee."

Spenser's Hymn of Heavenly Love.

* * * * *

"At that time *was* Jesus; a wise man; if it be lawful to call him a man; for he was the performer of divers admirable works, and the instructor of those who willingly entertained the truth; and he drew unto him divers Jews and Greeks to be his followers. This was Christ, who, being accused by the princes of our nation, before Pilate, and afterwards condemned by our people, and punished with crucifixion; yet, they ceased not to love him, who had once set their love upon him; for he appeared alive again the third day, the holy prophets having spoken these and a thousand more things about him. And a nation from him hath taken the denomination of Christians, who remain to this very day!"

Josephus, Book XVIII. Chap. 3.

NAOMI.

"I HAVE never seen a Jew," said Florence Clifford; "I mean, I do not know that I have ever seen one."

There were some very clever men talking to Mrs. Vere, the aunt of Florence, about the Jews; and Florence left the book she had been reading still open, to listen to their conversation: it had lasted nearly an hour, but her finger was still upon the unfinished page. No one replied to her remark, if it were heard, and Florence continued nearly in the same position, thinking, after the gentlemen were gone. "Where are your thoughts wandering, my love?" said Mrs. Vere. —"I was thinking about the Jews, aunt." Florence dreamt about the Jews that night.

Some days after, it was told Florence that a

poor old woman, whose daughter sometimes assisted the servants of Mrs. Vere, was very ill. Florence went to see her. "Can I take this jelly to your mother?" said she to the daughter as she entered the house. "O yes, miss; there is only a young Jewish lady, who is very kind to mother, with her; I will show you up to her room."—"You had better remain here to attend to any one who may come in; I will go up by myself." Florence was very shy, and she did not like to meet a perfect stranger; but she had never seen a Jew, and she determined to go up. "The first door you come to, ma'am," said the girl, "is mother's room." Florence crept softly up the stairs, and was quite near the door, of the chamber, when she heard a very sweet voice, speaking very soothingly. The door was open, and she stopped to gaze at the persons before her, and that she might not interrupt the sweet voice. She could not see the old woman's countenance, and only one of her thin white hands, which lay upon the rug that served as a coverlid. The curtains of the bed were of a dull dark green, which could be hardly distinguished; almost all the rest of the room was indistinct, for a rushlight alone illumined it, and that stood on a table close to the bed: the light seemed to have

gathered round the figure, who was kneeling beside the bed, and bending over towards the dying woman. Florence only perceived at first a very tall slight form in the whitest drapery, faintly shadowed out from the gloom; the candle flickered into a bright blaze, and the face, which had been turned away before, met her view: a complexion of soft clear brown, richly blended with the brightest rose colour; delicately formed lips, trembling and glowing with eloquence, even when silent; large dark melancholy eyes; and a high white forehead, parting from the highest centre of which a profusion of long dark hair fell in large shining rings. Naomi had ceased speaking, when she turned round, and opened a Bible which lay upon the table. Resting her head on her small snowy hand, she began to read in the old testament. Florence sat down on the stairs, and listened to her: she had chosen the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah. Florence gazed in motionless admiration on the countenance, whose eloquent expression varied with the eloquent tones of Naomi's voice, as she concluded the last verse: "Wherefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness; and

sorrow and mourning shall flee away."—The old woman rose up in the bed, and, clasping her hands, exclaimed, apparently forgetful of every thing but the subject which inspired her—"Oh blessed God of Abraham, *she* is surely one of thy redeemed! Bring her back to Zion with praise, and let everlasting joy be with her." She ceased speaking, and, turning wistfully to the young Jewess, "O," she said, "if you would but,"—she stopped, and sunk down again. "But what?" inquired Naomi, "tell me what you wish; I am sure I would do it." "No, no, I should not have said it; I forgot you were here; I was praying for you, as I often do." "Tell me what I can do to please you." "I was wishing that you would read to me the New Testament: I thought just then, if you would read in it, you would feel it true, as I do, and believe that Christ has redeemed you." Naomi blushed deeply, and appeared very thoughtful. Florence felt for her, and she entered the room. "Do not go away," she said, (for the young Jewess had tied on a large straw hat which lay on a chair near the bed). She seemed even more confused than Florence, who felt, after a few minutes as if she had long known her. Naomi did not go away, but she sat down while Florence spoke to the poor woman.—

"Where is Miss Montero?" said the latter: "I hope she is not gone." "I am here," she replied, drawing aside the curtain which concealed her, and turning with a soft smile to the sick woman; "Oh ma'am, dear ma'am," she said, "I have thought more about what I said to you: I was ashamed then, and I ought not to have been; for I am a dying woman, and must serve God as long as I can. Perhaps I should not speak about this before Miss Clifford; (Naomi looked at the open modest countenance of Florence, and she did not feel at all uncomfortable at her presence;) "but who knows if I may ever see you again? I can't last many more hours. Oh, Miss, I'm sure you will not be angry at my speaking, when you know it will make me die happy; I should think God would never forgive me if I died without speaking. Your name puts me in mind of Naomi and Ruth. I think to myself that you are like Ruth; and, though there is no one here like Naomi, yet I fancy that you are coming to trust, not only to the Lord God of Israel, but to his blessed Son.—I can't say much to convince you, but I only wish you to read the New Testament, *with* the rest of the Bible; I know that they have made me believe, and I was once very wicked, and knew nothing of religion, not *so much* as a

Jew."—The old woman died soon after this conversation took place. Florence and Naomi had not met again, but they loved each other. "I wonder," said Florence, one day to herself, "if Miss Montero ever goes to the house where I met her? I should so like to see her again." Florence went there, and her wishes were gratified. Naomi had gone thither often, for she had remembered the words of the dying woman, and had read attentively the whole Bible: she was almost persuaded to become a Christian by it.—Before they parted, Naomi had revealed the change which had taken place in her religious sentiments to Florence. "I hardly know what advice to give you," said Florence; "but I once heard some gentlemen tell my aunt, when speaking of the conversion of the Jews, that an attentive perusal of the Old and New Testament would influence the mind more than the arguments of any other book: this agrees exactly with the opinion of the poor woman at whose house we first met."

The father of Naomi was a very wealthy Jew, with many of those faults which the prejudiced and illiberal too often attribute to the Jews as their peculiar vices. He loved his only child he thought—every one thought—devotedly: money held the next place in his heart, but self-love

unconsciously claimed quite the first place in that heart. He was weak, but he delighted in having his own will and ruling his own household, and those who were dependent on, or less affluent than, himself. Naomi loved him, for he was an affectionate father; but she feared him too, and the confidence which she had felt inclined to place in him, he had ever repelled: not that she ever concealed any thing from him, but there was always a painful restraint inspired by his manner, which a father's manner should never inspire. Instead of trying to dispel this, Naomi had grown more timid and yielding; and her father had, almost without knowing it, encroached more and more, and was still encroaching. This was chiefly Naomi's own fault; still, Naomi tenderly loved her father.

One evening, Mr. Montero entered the room where Naomi was reading: she thought his eyes were directed towards her book, and, blushing deeply, she closed it, and was about to remove it from the table, when she recollected herself, and returned. "What are you reading, child?" he inquired. She looked up with a serene countenance, and said, without hesitating, "The New Testament, father." "What!" he replied laughingly, "are you studying religions? I sup-

pose I shall see you next with the Koran; shut up your book, and ring for the tea." Nothing more was said that evening, but Naomi thought to herself, "he was not angry; perhaps he will not oppose my becoming a Christian." Naomi had a sitting-room of her own, which had been fitted up for her, and to which she often retired. She had been reading her favourite book in this room, and (thinking she should immediately return) she had left it open on her table, when she walked out before breakfast one morning. On returning to her room, she heard her father's voice calling her angrily: she hurried up stairs, and found him standing at her door with the Bible in his hand. His face was red with anger as he exclaimed, "I am surprised at finding this book in your room: no doubt you are always reading it; you neglect me and all your duties." This was an unjust remark, for she seldom neglected either; but Naomi did not answer to it. "Why do you stand there as if you did not hear me, silly girl? Attend to me: I shall take this book away, and I insist on your not looking into the New Testament again; do you hear? I insist also that you promise to obey my injunctions." Naomi did not raise her head; but she said, in a low voice, "I cannot promise, father."

"You cannot! Why not? Will you dare to disobey me?"—"I would never disobey you, dear father, but I dare not disobey God: I should fail in my duty to you, were I to do so. Do read that book," she said, looking up with an animated expression of hope, "read it, study it, and then condemn me."—"Do you set yourself up as my teacher, child? Do as I tell you, and read *what* I tell you, and allow me to judge for myself." He was about to leave the room, but Naomi felt much of her timidity vanish; and she said, "Do not go away, sir, and think that I shall not read the New Testament: I cannot promise, for I must not act as you desire." Her father turned round with a look of surprize; she had never spoken so boldly before: she met the full gaze of his eyes, and, though the colour in her cheek deepened, she was perfectly calm and decided in her look. "I am sorry, sir, to dispute even your slightest wishes, but I am quite resolved; I will not deceive you: I hope I am above deceiving you; I will tell you the thoughts of my heart: I am a Christian in heart, and I intend shortly to be a baptized one. Hear me, dear father; don't leave me yet; don't forget that I am your child; Christianity only teaches me to love you better, to obey you better, than I ever did. I do not speak from caprice, I

have thought seriously; I have examined, I have considered, and I believe.—I was attending a dying woman, and she implored me to read that book; she told me it had made her virtuous; I saw that it made her last hours happy. I did read it, and I found that I had been long half a Christian; that Christianity is but the continuation, the fulfilment, of our religion; that Christ came not to destroy the law and the prophets, but to fulfil; that all the wonderful predictions in our prophecies, which appear so contradictory, are accomplished, wonderfully accomplished, in Christ, the true Messiah. I could not choose but read the book, and I could not leave it; I have read, and read, and I can no longer doubt. I will say nothing more, if you would only read and judge for yourself." Her father was impatient; he seemed to hear nothing; he would hear no more; but, shutting the door violently, he left the room.

When Naomi was left alone, a sort of surprize and half fear came over her, at the decided manner in which, for the first time, she had spoken to her father. She doubted awhile if she had not acted wrongly; but on strictly reviewing the conversation which had passed, she became convinced she had not failed in her duty: she felt

very fearful lest she should speak too warmly at their next meeting, but she resolved not to give up the perfect religion which she had openly professed to him. Mr. Montero, when he saw his daughter again, spoke very kindly to her, but he said, "I hope, my dear, you have changed your mind, and will not dispute my wishes again; I must be master in my own house." "Dear father," replied Naomi, "I do not wish to displease you; to be dutiful to you has never been a task, but a real delight to me; I hope you do not wish that I should change my sentiments; I think just as I did this morning; I cannot change." Mr. Montero began to look very angry, but Naomi said to him, "It is quite necessary, father, that we should perfectly understand each other. I solemnly declare, that never, with God's assistance, will I be otherwise than a dutiful and an affectionate child to you; but there is a duty which I owe to myself, and a far, far higher duty which I owe to my God: don't ask me to give up my religion, father, for I cannot, I must not." "Then you may leave this house; leave it instantly," he exclaimed, going up to her in a violent passion; she did not stir nor speak, but she looked in her father's face, till the tears came into her eyes. "Are you dumb, child," he cried

loudly, seizing her arm. Naomi shuddered, and her tears fell on his hand; he let go her arm, and walked to the end of the room; when he came back again, his pity had evaporated, and he stood before her as if he expected her decision. Naomi withdrew her handkerchief from her eyes, and left off weeping; she raised her head, and appeared to her father almost like a superior being; her figure seemed more commanding, her countenance brightened with mental beauty. "Why should I be weeping here," said she, "as a guilty thing? God beholds the intentions of my heart; I feel I am acting rightly. Father, I must not go. I must not be driven from your house; it is my duty to prevent your sending me away thus. Listen to me: there might come a day, when you would deeply regret having driven from you a child, by whom you are beloved before every thing earthly; a time when such regrets would be useless." She went up to her father, and fondly clasped his hand; he disengaged it hastily, and turned away, but not to leave the room; for he sat down and covered his face with his hands: he hesitated awhile; had he not, he would not have sate down. Naomi gently went to him, and, kneeling down before him, tried affectionately to remove his hands. "Dear, dear father," she exclaimed, in a voice

of exquisite tenderness, "take your only child to your heart again:" but as God hardened Pharaoh's heart, so he hardened the heart of this father. I know not with what thoughts Satan entered into his soul, but starting up, he flung her from him; he cursed her, and rushed from the room. Naomi remained still on her knees, horror-struck and motionless; not a tear relieved her as she repeated to herself, "Curse!" With a deeply-drawn sigh, Naomi recovered her recollection of what had happened, for her mind, during a short time, had seemed strangely bewildered. "I have one Father," she said, "who will not curse me, who will turn again the heart of my earthly father to his child. Oh what a religion is this; I have my God and my Saviour to intercede for me; in his name I may ask without wavering, for he hath said, "Ask, and it shall be given unto you." In thy good time, O Lord! take pity upon me; and if it pleaseth thee to try me with afflictions, O let thine everlasting arms be under me as my support. Give thy rod and thy staff to comfort me.—Naomi had just risen from her knees, when a note was brought up to her. She knew her father's hand-writing, and she did not open it till the servant had left the room. It commanded her to leave the house, and inform-

ed her that her father was gone out till a late hour that evening, before which time, it was added, he expected she would be gone: a small sum of money was promised to be paid to her quarterly; the allowance for one quarter was enclosed.—Naomi at first nearly resolved to await her father's return, but the remembrance of his passionate conduct decided her; she wished not to exasperate him; she only wished to win him to Christianity, and to regain his love; she thought that in her absence she might be tenderly remembered, and therefore prepared for her departure. She had not time to put away any thing in her apartment, for it was nearly dinner-time, and the evenings soon closed in. When she went down to order a hackney-coach, the servant who answered the bell, told her that dinner was on the table. "I do not dine at home to-day," she replied, "but I would thank you to send immediately for a coach for me."—"My master walked out, ma'am," said the man: "he did not take the carriage: shall I tell the coachman to come round?" "No," said Naomi, unconsciously, "I must not use the carriage; a coach will do for me, or I can walk," she added. "I fear you are not well, ma'am," said the man, very respectfully. Naomi woke from her reverie;

"yes, I am well," she said in a voice half choaked by grief, and waving her hand, "order the coach." The man had scarcely left the room, ere she burst into an agony of tears. How miserable did she feel till the coach was announced, for every thing around her inflicted some pang: the chairs were just in the same positions as when she had left the room a few hours before: Mrs. Vere and Florence Clifford had been there, and she had sung to them; her harp was standing where she had left it, with her music books open before it; she remembered every little circumstance which had occurred during their visit. It is strange that, under violent grief, the mind often seems to wander, with fanciful exactness, over subjects quite at variance with the strong tide of its feelings; it seems almost influenced by a spirit of contradiction: it dwells on the most trivial circumstances, and reverts to them continually and provokingly. We often, at such times, despise ourselves, as contemptibly whimsical, for permitting such thoughts; not being prepared for them, they often madden our feelings; they seem like the sting of a wasp to one who is preparing to encounter a lion; they are not merely trials of the temper, but of the soul's fortitude.

The more Naomi endeavoured to forget these associations, the more did she awaken them; at length she departed: she hurried past the butler, with whom she left a letter for her father, and sprung into the coach. "Where shall the coachman drive, ma'am?" inquired the servant. "To Mrs. Vere's" she said hastily, and he drove away. She had not collected her thoughts, nor composed her feelings, when she arrived there. She entered the room where Mrs. Vere and her niece were sitting, fortunately, alone; (she *had* asked if they were alone) but she had arranged no plan; she had not thought what to say. Mrs. Vere observed a sort of wildness in her look; and she took her hand very affectionately, and spoke with more than usual kindness. Naomi had forgotten that any one loved her, and she burst into tears. "Has any thing happened, my dear Miss Montero? are you ill? your father, is he ill?" "My father! yes, I remember now, I ought not to have come here—my father has driven me away, and cursed me."—"Compose yourself, my dear; do not tremble so, and tell me what I cannot yet understand; let me know if I can conduce, in any way, to your happiness." Naomi could still only weep for some minutes, but she then became calmer, and said: "dear madam,

forgive me; but I have been so utterly wretched for the chief part of this day, and so obliged to restrain my feelings, that when I came into your presence I could not help exposing myself in this manner. My father discovered that I read the New Testament. I wished not to conceal it; I would not deceive him; but I declared that I was converted to Christianity. I tried to reconcile him; indeed I did not wish to exasperate him, though I could not stoop to deception; he has sent me from him with his curse. I knew not what to do; I knew not where to go, till I was in the coach which brought me hither: they asked me where I was going; I recollected you; I told them hither. Oh, forgive me, before you send me away; I should not have intruded thus, but to-morrow I will again return; my father's heart may have relented, and he may receive me. Can you advise me where to go? for there is no one to whom I can go, but those who are dependant on my father; should they take me in they might incur his displeasure." Mrs. Vere knew little of Naomi, but her artless manner acted strongly in her favour; and Mrs. Vere had one of those superior minds which can generally decide without prejudice, immediately. "Will you take me as your friend?" she said to Naomi; "you acted as

my friend in coming to me at this time; remain with us to-night, to-morrow I will accompany you to your father; should our visit prove unsuccessful, you will still continue my guest." Naomi could not refuse such an offer: her whole heart expanded with gratitude; in a moment, to her enthusiastic mind, the future seemed brightening; her thoughts wandered on, with the rapidity of thought, over ideal scenes of happiness; she had found a director, a friend, and a protectress. The calm that was stealing over her, enabled her to hear the soft whispers of approving conscience; and a vague assurance (she knew not whence it sprung) promised the conversion of her father. Florence and her aunt sat gazing on the lovely countenance, which expressed to them almost all the sensations of Naomi's soul; they thought that her lips, at one time, moved in prayer; her hands, at the same time, were clasped; and her eyes raised towards Heaven, but she was too happy to speak.

The next day Mrs. Vere took her young friend to her father's house: it was decided that Naomi should enter alone; Mrs. Vere therefore remained in her carriage at the door. In a few minutes Naomi returned; she said very calmly to Mrs. Vere's servant, "I believe you may tell

the coachman to drive home." She held in her hand a letter, and her face was deadly pale: she did not speak one word again; she hardly returned the pressure of her friend's hand, who said nothing. When they reached home, Naomi retired to her room: she came down shortly after to Mrs. Vere; her eyes were red with weeping. "I now can speak to you, dear ma'am," she said; "how kind you are to me! how well you understood my feelings! and how delicately you acted towards me in asking nothing before! —When I entered the house, I thought I perceived an expression of sorrow and pity in the servant's countenance. I was going up to our usual sitting room, when he requested me to remain for a few minutes in the dining room. My father did not come to me there; but Rachel, my old nurse, and my father's housekeeper; she gave me this, the letter which I wrote to my father, and which he had ordered to be sent back, unopened by him."—"You must not stay here, my dear young mistress," she said, "for your father will not see you. Ah! I must tell you," she added, "you cannot stay here, for a person came here this morning, to remain I fear, who calls herself your father's wife: pray, pray go away directly, and tell me where I can come

to you, for I will never stay here now."—"Come and see me," I said, "dear Rachel; (and I told her where to come) but if you love me, if you ever loved my poor mother, stay here now; do not leave my father: what, what will become of him, without one real friend near him? I soon after hurried away. Rachel promised me to bear every thing for my sake, and to remain."

The woman whom Rachel mentioned had been long the mistress of Mr. Montero; she had obtained great power over him, and directed him frequently, and was generally consulted by him; he went to her when he left his daughter, and she artfully increased his anger, and so fascinated him, that she prevailed on him to invite her to his house.

Naomi again wrote to her father; but her letter was again returned to her: she shortly after accompanied Mrs. Vere to her country house, where she remained during the summer. A few weeks before her return to London, she received a letter from Rachel, telling her that her father had been ill, but was nearly recovered. She replied instantly to this letter, telling Rachel the day on which she should leave the country, and saying how anxious she was to see her father. On her arrival in London, she found Rachel

waiting at Mrs. Vere's, who informed her that her father had relapsed, and was dangerously ill, (he was in fact on his death bed) and that he had asked to see her. "I am come for you, my dear young lady," said she, "if you are not too fatigued, and will venture with me." "Oh! I am not at all fatigued," exclaimed Naomi, "let us set off!" Her voice trembled with agitation, she seemed miserable at the least delay: "Why should I not venture? nothing should keep me from my poor father." Naomi would not wait for a coach, and she was frequently obliged to stop, for she had forgotten, in her eagerness to be with her father, that her companion was old and feeble. At length they reached the house, and Rachel led Naomi in through the servant's entrance, and up the back stairs to her father's bed room. "You are not going the right way," said Naomi, "my father's bed room is surely at the end of this gallery, and on this story." "No, my dear ma'am," said Rachel, mournfully, "he has left that room." She followed the old woman to a higher chamber, one which had been Naomi's room, when she was a little child; it was meanly furnished, and very small. Naomi waited at the door, which Rachel left open; she looked into the room—no one was there to attend her father,

(for the girl Rachel had left in her place had slipped away.) It was a cold evening, but the fire was quite out, and the room smoked, the candle was dying away in the socket: she heard a voice, and it was so changed, she at first knew not it was her father's voice. "Is she come?" he said, "I have waited for her a long time—but I think I shall die before I see her. Has Naomi deserted me with all the rest?" Naomi was about to spring into the room, but she recollected that a surprise might be fatal to her father: breathless with anxiety, she clung trembling to the door, waiting for Rachel's answer. Soon—soon was she locked in her father's embrace, supporting his head on her bosom, and weeping, with quiet joy, at being again restored, even in such a manner, to him. The room was soon rendered comfortable, by the unceasing exertions of Rachel, who was assisted by the comparatively happy daughter; every thing was neatly arranged—the fire burning brightly; the candle shaded, that the light might not weary the eyes of the sick man: Naomi had shaken up and smoothed his pillow; she had folded down the bed clothes, and was sitting with her father's hand clasped in hers, beside the bed: his eyes were just gently closing in slumber, and his hand was becoming cool, when the stillness which

seemed stealing round, was disturbed by a confused sound of laughter, seeming to proceed from below—it burst out louder, and the dying man's head started up from the pillow, his eyes opened widely, as he looked round with a sort of senseless inquiring forgetfulness; Naomi beckoned to Rachel to supply her place, after she had soothed her father; and, with the softest step, she glided out of the room. As she descended the stairs, she heard whence the sounds proceeded. Naomi hastened, for a loud song commenced; she threw open the dining room doors, and the sound rushed out; she thought of her father, and closed them: there she stood before a rude riotous company of gaudily dressed men and women, whose laughter and loud voices were hardly quieted by the song, which a hired performer was singing. The song ceased, every eye was turned on the tall slight form which stood up near the door. A slight shade of indignation passed over her countenance, and Naomi gazed round; every eye fell before her calm full look. A woman at the upper end of the table was about to speak, but Naomi waved her hand, as if to command silence: "Do hear me!" she exclaimed earnestly, "pray—pray let this assembly be dispersed! my father is dying; your

laughter has just disturbed his short sleep;—can you not feel for me?—can you not feel for a daughter? Is it not enough for me to lose him? must his death be hastened? you *could* not have known all this—I am sure you could not, or you would never have made this house of sorrow resound with your mirth. Will you not—will you not do what I ask?" she cried, (for no one stirred) "Oh! I am sure you will; there is not one here," she said, "there cannot be one here, who will hesitate *now*;" she gazed round, as if she felt certain every one would obey her. "Do go, my friends, for I shall ever call you my friends,—I shall ever bless you. I may soon be quite an orphan; and how happy will you feel, that in the orphan's saddest hour, you—yes, all of you have made her happy." Some of the party turned inquiringly to each other; one or two wept, but one person, a middle-aged man, seemed to hang on her words; and when she had finished speaking, he rose up, and said, "You are an angel, madam, and we should be all beasts, were we to remain here. Let us all go instantly." Every one seemed about to go; but the woman, who had before tried to speak, called out, "I beg that you will all stay; pray sit down," she said, turning to the company: "and pray tell me,

miss, who allowed you to command in this house? I am sure I don't know who you are; I think that no one has a right to interfere with the guests of Mrs. Montero, in her own house." She advanced boldly towards Naomi: the man who had spoken was springing forward, but Naomi entreated him to remain quiet. "I am not to be frightened," she said, "nor will any one present, I am convinced, blame me for what I have said—I have not commanded, even here, where I was once mistress—I am not angry: Oh, no! I am too sorry, to be angry."—"I will not bear this," exclaimed the man: "I know who you are," he added, turning to the woman, "you have no right to command in this house—come away with me instantly." The woman resisted a little, but he whispered to her, and she took his arm sullenly, and left the room; every one followed her, and Naomi found herself alone. She sat down, for she was quite overcome; after a day of fatigue, the occurrences of the last few hours had overpowered her; and some time after, she was found, lying back in her chair, in a fainting fit. When her recollection returned, she had but a confused idea of what had passed: she hurried up to her father's chamber, and found him asleep and composed: he slept well most of

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the night; and seemed considerably better the next day. Naomi left him, for a few minutes, early in the morning; and as she was passing to her own room, she heard a child's voice, calling out, "Come to me." She entered the room from whence it proceeded, and found, to her surprise, a beautiful little boy in bed: "I was calling for Jane to dress me," said the child, "I don't know you at all; but you look very pretty, and very good natured."—"I can't help knowing who you are," said Naomi to herself, (for the resemblance of the little boy to her father, struck her instantly.) She went up to the child, and sitting down on the bed, held out her cheek for him to kiss; but the little fellow pretended to be shy, and shrunk playfully away from her, holding both his hands before his face. Naomi saw however one little sparkling eye, peeping between his rosy fingers; she turned away as if she would be also coy, but she soon felt his arms clasped round her neck, and saw his beautiful laughing face looking up into her own, over her shoulder. "I must love you, my darling boy," she said, taking him affectionately in her arms, and kissing his bright clear forehead: Naomi looked at him, as he sat on her knees—his thick glossy hair half hiding his soft white shoulder, from which his night gown had

fallen off; his innocent countenance, and his little naked feet—his whole appearance was that of purity and innocence; and when he looked up into her face, with that peculiar grave expression, with which children survey a strange face for the first time—the eyes looking almost melancholy, and the cherub lips parted, and partially disclosing the little row of pearly upper teeth, Naomi pressed him again to her bosom, and promised to the Almighty, that she would ever love and protect him as her brother. She was obliged to leave him very soon, to return to her father's chamber; he was awake, and apparently calm; he looked at her, as if he felt happy, and said, "It seems to me, my dear child, that this tranquillity and composure of mind has been in mercy given me before my death, that I may speak to you, and die happy: —can you forgive me for my cruelty?"—"Oh, dearest father, only talk to me of your love, and not of my forgiveness; do not so humble me:" —"ah!" he continued, "I tried to persuade myself that I was doing rightly, and cloaked my passion, my cruelty, in what I falsely reasoned into duty; my conscience upbraided me all the time. I will not distress you any longer, but I will make you happy. I am a Christian, and

you have been the means of my conversion. Your bible," said he, (and he pointed to a table, where Naomi had been surprised to find it lying the evening before) "has convinced me; I wish, with you, to receive the sacrament, and to be baptized before my death—do not look so sorrowful, my love, for I am resigned to death. That book has made what was before a terror, a happy—happy release. I have long trusted in my saviour; but, dear child, send instantly for a clergyman. There is one thing," he said;—he hesitated, and his face was suffused with a deep blush,—"a boy." "I have seen him, dear father." interrupted Naomi, "I love him, I devote myself to him, as my brother." Her father wept aloud, his daughter turned her eyes from his face, but she knelt down beside the bed, and bending down her head, pressed his hands to her lips. He disengaged his hands, but it was only to lift them clasped towards heaven, as, raising himself up, he exclaimed, "May God bless you, my good and gentle daughter; may he render you as happy as you have made me." For a while, he sunk back exhausted, but soon again he spoke, "I would have that child baptized with me—would not your friend, Naomi, become a sponsor for him?" Naomi wrote immediately to Mrs. Vere, requesting her attendance with the clergy-

man who had christened her, before her departure from town: she informed Mrs. Vere, in a few words, of every thing which had happened since they last parted. In less than an hour, the clergyman and Mrs. Vere were announced. Oh! what were Naomi's feelings, as she stood gazing on her father and brother!—at the contrast of youth and age, admitted together to the church of Christ: the one as innocent as man can be; to whose natural purity, the far surpassing, the all-pure and perfect righteousness of the Messiah was given: the other a man, alas! of many sins; becoming, as it were, even as a little child in spirit, and being received, "as a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." As the priest made the sign of the cross on the forehead of her brother, the child seemed impressed with the holiness of the ceremony; but when he approached her father, his eyes gushed forth, as it were, with rivers of tears; he neither spoke, nor moved. Naomi forgot every one but her father, and she flung herself on her knees, and silently returned thanks that she had seen such a sight.

The child was called Stephen, at his father's particular desire—"It would have reminded me, had I lived," he said, "that one who perse-

cuted that blessed saint; one, at whose feet the witnesses laid down their clothes; became himself, as I have become, a sincere Christian; not that I would compare a sinner, like myself, to the divine Saint Paul." The sick man shortly after received the sacrament, with his beloved daughter: before the evening a material change, the change which alone accompanies death, had taken place in his appearance. Naomi never quitted him—she repressed every sigh, she watched his countenance, and she was enabled to appear calm, when he looked at her. "Stoop down, and kiss me," he said; she did so, and, as she raised her head, his countenance seemed darkening. "In Christ shall all be made alive,"* she whispered. A look of rapture kindled amid the shadows of death; his lips moved, and the words "forgive and sanctify," were alone heard; a trembling mist of breath seemed to flit from the opening mouth, which did not close again; the eyes opened wildly; Naomi turned away:—her father was dead; but, though he was dead, Naomi had not ceased praying; she had long been praying; and after death, when prayer is useless, she fervently prayed, that her former prayers might not have been disregarded.

* 1 Cor. xv. 23.

When Naomi left the chamber of death, she went to the bed room of her little brother, and felt a sort of happiness in being near one who so resembled her poor father; she sat down near the bed, and opening her bible, alternately read, and gazed upon the sleeping child. She went to the window, and looked out; the moon was shining with its bright crescent in a clear and deep blue sky, the stars were sparkling brilliantly, and a few soft white clouds were swiftly passing away into the distance. "What a contrast!" she said, "to my feelings," and she returned again to the Bible. "I could not look on the most unsullied and glorious creations of the Almighty, without being unhappy; I could not gaze on this child, without turning often to this best book; every thing soothes here, and *here alone*. Oh! what a blessing have I, in this gracious gift of him, who is all love and pity."

The manner in which Mr. Montero became a Christian, may be interesting to some. After his recovery from his first fit of illness, he often thought of his daughter; and one day he felt a particular wish to visit her apartment; his mistress, who had not yet begun to neglect him, was gone out; and taking the key, which he had kept himself ever since Naomi's departure, he

entered the room; every thing there was just as she had left it, except her guitar, the strings of which were broken; many volumes, which had been taken down from her book case, were lying on the table, some of them open; on her easel was, he perceived, a drawing, which was covered, however, by a handkerchief; he withdrew it, and saw an unfinished sketch of himself, and his late wife: Naomi had been copying this picture from two separate miniatures of her father and mother, and she had introduced her own portrait, when a child; he turned away from the picture, and sighed; but her Bible next met his view; he left the room instantly. Some weeks after, he had been vexed by the careless levity of his mistress, who had persisted on leaving him alone, though he was very unwell; he went up again into his daughter's room, and locking the door, he sat down in a melancholy temper, near the table: the picture again fixed his attention, and he began to think over the way in which he had acted towards her, and to compare her conduct with that of the worthless creature who now resided with him; "and what," said he to himself, "has my poor girl done? She has changed her opinions, while that woman acts up to no religion, and

values nothing but luxury and folly. He felt really ashamed as he gazed on the Bible, which lay before him; and he remembered that he had no right to condemn his daughter, for deserting her religion, since he had hardly ever regarded it himself; he felt that he was not competent to judge. "Perhaps, after all, she may be right," his conscience whispered, as he took up the book, and opened it at one of the places which Naomi had marked; it was the twenty-third chapter of Jeremiah—the words, which are written in large letters, "the Lord our righteousness," attracted his attention; he read over the first eight verses, which declare so clearly the coming of the Messiah; he turned to many other places, which Naomi had also marked: the apparently contradictory accounts (in Isaiah and the Psalms, particularly) of the different circumstances attending the life and death of Jesus Christ, when on earth: lastly, he opened the New Testament. That day he went away hesitating, but, early the next morning, he hastened to read again: he was turning over the leaves of the New Testament, and feeling nearly convinced as he read, when, in the first chapter of Saint John, he came to the verse, "Philip findeth Nathaniel, and saith unto him, 'we

have found him, of whom Moses, in the law, and the Prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth.'" He read the answer, and at the words "come and see," he paused, to meditate seriously. Every day he went to the apartment of his child; there alone could he find peace. The conduct of his mistress was daily more shameless, and the health of Mr. Montero became daily worse; but the light of hope and joy seemed to have sprung up in his soul, and the gloom which had long prevailed there was gradually dispersing: he had commanded his mistress to leave him, but she positively refused to go; he was, alas! too weak and ill to oppose her then. At last, Mr. Montero sent for his daughter: he would not have invited her to the house, where his mistress still resided; but he was dying, and Naomi alone loved him.

"Ah!" said Naomi, as she rose from her prayers, the morning after her father's funeral, "is not this to be 'as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.*'"

* 2 Cor. vi. 10.

A MERCHANT'S WIFE.

"Verily, thou art a God that hidest thyself. O, God of Israel, the Saviour."

Isaiah, ch. xlv. *v.* 15.

"Let patience have her perfect work."

James, I.

A MERCHANT'S WIFE.

Lucy was the youngest of three sisters: she had passed all her life at her father's parsonage, in Cornwall, till her marriage with a young merchant, who was visiting a distant relation, near Mount's Bay; at her father's house he first saw her, and in her father's church she became his wife: he was an orphan, and his only sister had been long married to a clergyman in North Wales. A few weeks after her marriage, Lucy set off with her husband to London; on the morning of her departure, she visited every room in the small parsonage, and sighed over objects, which association had long endeared to her; she had never sighed over them till then. She ran weeping round the garden, and patted the head of her father's old gray horse,

as it trotted up, thrusting its neck over the orchard gate at her approach; she wished to have gathered some of the primroses, which spotted with their pale yellow blossoms the bank of her favourite hazel copse; but she heard her father's voice, and ran quickly back: he told her that her husband was waiting for her. "Oh, my dear father," said Lucy, as he pressed her arm to his side, "now I am going to leave you, I am so afraid that I shall not attend as I ought to all your advice, and prove unworthy of the care you have taken to make me good." "My very dear girl," replied the old clergyman, "you have been a dutiful child; I, who never flattered you, declare so; I think God will enable you to be a good wife; you may expect trials, we all must; but while you trust in God, he will never leave you, nor forsake you; remember that, '*God is a God that hideth himself;' but '†God is love.'" The two old servants were standing near the door, to see Miss Lucy as long as they could; and she shook hands affectionately with them both: again and again did she kiss her parents and sisters. At last she took her husband's hand, and said; "dear William, you will love me the better, for

* Isaiah, xlv. 15. † I. John, iv. 8.

being so very sorry; I am quite ready now." She could not speak when she looked from the windows as they drove away; and she tried to smile, but it was one of those smiles which brought tears. They arrived late in the evening at Birchin Lane, where Mr. M. resided. The door was opened by a respectable, middle-aged woman, who had lived with him since his arrival in town. Every thing was neat; the house had been freshly painted for her reception, and a fire was blazing in the comfortable parlour. Lucy felt very tired, but she saw that every thing had been prepared for her, with more than common attention: she shook off her fatigue and languor, and sat down, cheerfully, to make tea for her husband. In the presence of Mary, the servant, she admired the neatness and cleanliness of the house. Mary was one of those persons, who possess an excellent heart and a bad temper: she had been out of humour, because her new mistress had delayed her journey for a few days; and because she had waited for her, and the house had been prepared for her reception in vain; but she could not resist the smile with which Lucy, after her long fatiguing journey, greeted her, and surveyed the apartment which she had arranged. She went down

stairs, saying to herself; "Well! I think there will be some pleasure in waiting on my young mistress: I feel as if I could not be cross with her." Mary, however, was often cross; but Lucy was always gentle; and to gentleness she united firmness; so that Mary soon learnt not only to love, but to respect and look up to, her young mistress.—Many months glided away; Lucy was still very happy in her small house, with the few hours she enjoyed of her husband's society. M—— had much good sense; but no one had ever tried to root from his heart that weed, false shame, which impedes the growth of so many virtues; his business was prosperous, and he allowed himself to be a little too much elated by it: he began, too, to feel ashamed of residing in the city. "Lucy," said he, one evening, "I have been thinking, that now I am become richer, there is no occasion for us to remain in this dull house: suppose we were to remove to the other end of the town? I can't bear your being shut up here all day." "But, my dear William, I don't mind being shut up; and I am not dull; the city agrees perfectly well with us: if we were ill, perhaps, it might be better to remove; you have no fatiguing walk now, after a wearisome day; and while the counting house is so near me, I have more of your society: if on my

account you wish to go, really, I would rather remain here, always near you." William agreed that it would be much pleasanter to remain near *her;* and the plan was given up. Lucy passed her mornings in reading and working; she seldom played till the evening, when her husband joined her, as she feared the sound of her pianoforte might disturb those beneath her; she scarcely ever visited, for she had few acquaintances, and only one friend: besides, she was happier in remaining quietly at home, with her husband. Lucy was an attentive observer; and she saw with anxiety, that as the winter approached, there was a sort of assumed cheerfulness in William's manner, which he was, at times, unable to sustain: she could not account for it; nor could she imagine why he was less with her than formerly. One night, she had, as usual, heard the counting-house shut up, and she knew that all the clerks were gone; but still William remained below: she waited longer for him than she had ever done before; and at length, she hardly knew why, she became uneasy; leaving the parlour door partly open, she softly descended the stairs, and was about to enter the office, when, through a small window in the door, she perceived M—— sitting alone at his desk, leaning his head on his hands, with a

countenance which seemed fixed in an expression of utter wretchedness: the desk was closed; no papers were lying on it; the candles had half burnt away, and their dim light, and long crusted wicks, declared that he had long remained in that gloomy position. Lucy said nothing; she returned, even more quietly, to her parlour, and when her husband joined her, she was more than usually affectionate in her delicate attentions to him. For some time, his affectionate cheerfulness lasted: he asked his wife to play; but on turning her head, she saw that he was lost in sad reflections, leaning against the chimney-piece. She left the piano, and went up to him: taking his hand, and looking up into his face, with one of those looks of pure tender love which only a wife can bestow, "My dearest William," she said, "I cannot be deceived, you are very unhappy; and to see you thus, renders me so too: will you confide in me? I do not ask from curiosity, but from real affection; I can bear any thing but this dreadful doubt, indeed I can; you will tell me every thing." William had, at first, tried to laugh; but at last he turned mournfully away, and Lucy heard him sob convulsively: she approached nearer to him, and gently threw her arms around his neck: poor William could not restrain his grief any

longer; but, leaning his head on her shoulder, he wept aloud: Lucy wept too, but she quietly wiped away her tears; and stifled the choking anguish, that seemed to rise up into her throat; though she was unable to conceal from her husband, how violently she trembled. After a little time, William became more composed; he looked up, kissed his wife's pale cheek, and said, "I am a sad child, Lucy; but I will not so give way again. I have acted unjustly and ungenerously towards you, in concealing any thing; but you shall hear why I am so unhappy, and you will learn how to bear it all."—O yes, yes," replied his wife, "we shall learn to bear it all: 'God is a God that hideth himself; but God is love.' How, my own William, can our faith in God be proved, without its meeting with some trial?" She left off speaking, for her husband appeared calmer; and she listened to his account of the manner in which his affairs had suddenly become so involved, that ruin was inevitable. She felt very deeply, all the time her husband was speaking; but she continually kept the remembrance of God's gracious promise uppermost in her mind. M—— had watched her countenance with the most earnest attention; and saw, with bitter grief, the expressions of sur-

prise and woe that passed over it; but as the clouds passed over, they also passed away, and the sunshine of the soul alone remained: in a few moments, the spirit of the true Christian had become resigned, cheerful, and resolved; she gazed at her husband affectionately, and then half raised her eyes towards heaven, as he finished speaking; while the words, "God is love," faintly escaped from her lips. "What is to be done?" inquired William; "Oh! every thing is to be done; nothing is to be left undone, or at least untried;" she answered: "we must endeavour to be very calm, very diligent, and very honourable: it is God's will, that we should be tried; let us pray, that, with the trial, he will afford us the means of rising superior to it. To-night you must go to bed early, and endeavour to compose your mind: and to-morrow, you must try to use every exertion, which your present situation requires." At at early hour, they retired; but Lucy was detained below some time after her husband: she had remained still longer, to read in the book, where, in every sorrow, she had acquired strength and consolation; and as she softly opened the door of the bed room, thinking that her husband had been long in bed, she was surprised to find him sitting up, still undressed; and intently occupied,

she supposed, in reading. His back was towards the door; but, as he looked round at her approach, a pensive smile lighted up his features; and he said, I have been taking your advice, my love; I have been seeking composure, and I have not sought in vain; every word that I read is peace to my soul; read here, dear Lucy; '* As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous, therefore, and repent." This and the preceding verses seem really to allude to my situation: 'Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not, that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.' I have said thus, to my soul; and I have not felt, that, with all my riches, I was really poor, and blind, and naked. Then this verse, 'I counsel thee, to buy gold tried in the fire, that thou may'st be rich; and white garments, that thou may'st be clothed.' Oh, how very beautiful! God, the God of Heaven, deigns to counsel; He, who could command."—They both arose the next morning, considerably composed and refreshed. M—— went down early to the counting house; and Lucy soon followed him thither, (for the clerks never attended before

* Revelations, last part of Chap. III.

breakfast:) "I do not understand business," she said, "but I have quite time to do whatever you will employ me about." She was determined to be useful, and M—— soon found she could assist him very essentially.

After breakfast she employed herself for some time in copying letters for him; just as they were finished, the friend before mentioned, a Miss Nugent, entered; she was an old maiden lady, related to many noble families, and first cousin to Lucy's mother. Not having permission to speak of her husband's situation, Lucy was silent; when Miss Nugent said, "I have heard, my dear, that your husband is ruined; is the report true?" The entrance of M—— put an end to Lucy's embarrassment; he frankly answered that the report was quite true. "You have been very candid with me, my young friend," said Miss Nugent; "another person might have feared to trust an old woman, and would, perhaps, have prevaricated: I am not come as an intruder, but to ask if I can be of any use; would Mrs. M—— come, for a short time, to my house?" "O, thank you, thank you," replied M——: "do, dear Lucy, accept this kind offer; I will really exert myself as a man, and I will try to prove myself a Christian

too;" he added, in a low voice.—"You are, indeed, kind, my dear madam," said Lucy, "but I cannot leave my William: I don't stay to watch you; I don't doubt you, my love, (she added, turning to her husband,) but with you I can bear any thing; when away from you, I cannot answer so well for my fortitude; I feel quite prepared. Where, in the hour of misfortune, should a wife be, but near her best earthly support, a faithful and affectionate husband? No, no, I cannot go away: promise me, William," said she, with a beseeching smile, fondly clasping his arm, "promise me, that I shall remain with you."—Lucy did not go!

That evening, M.'s name was in the gazette; as the speculations which he had engaged in, with an apparent certainty of success, had failed, and he was a bankrupt: that evening, however, M. and his wife were busily employed till a late hour; they gave up no time to hopeless lamentation, but they were, like seamen, exerting themselves to the last, in a sinking vessel: they thought, that it could never be useless to perform their duty; and many hours of bitter regret were spared them by their unwearied assiduity. They were, at the same time, attentive to their health, and endeavoured to compose

their minds, that they might be better enabled to be useful. Lucy was still as attentive as ever to all her duties: a common observer would have perceived no difference, for she was only a little paler; her house was as well regulated, and her dress as elegantly neat, as in happier times; she endeavoured to give way in nothing; and being ever watchful, she was usually successful. A young and delicate female, bearing up against the storms of misfortune, is a beautiful sight; she is not out of her element. Where could the peaceful halcyon appear so lovely as on the raging waters! I could not pity such a person: admiration and respect should alone be felt; and many who have not been visited by woe, may lament rather that God has not so approved them. "An unwise man doth not understand this, and a fool doth not well consider it;" but it is a divinely attested truth, "that whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth."*

Lucy accompanied her husband, when he went to surrender his property at Guildhall; and while she sat, anxiously waiting his return, in a coach at the door, two persons came out, and stood very near, talking; she heard her hus-

* Proverbs iii. 12.

band's name frequently mentioned by them. One of them, an elderly man, said, "Ah, I never thought that young M—— would get on well, with his high notions and obstinacy; and then too, the speculating fool must marry a girl without a farthing." Lucy could not bear this; she coughed loudly; they turned and perceived her, before she could throw herself back in the coach. M—— did not return; and, supposing the two gentlemen were gone, Lucy sat, half lost in thought, vacantly gazing towards the door, whence she expected her husband to proceed. M—— joined her, and, as they drove away, she saw the elder gentleman standing near the gateway; she felt that he must have been looking at her, for he coloured deeply, as he slowly turned away, and an expression crossed over his countenance, which said to her, "Poor thing! I did not know *you* were his wife." This old man was a rich banker; he was slightly acquainted with M——, but he had been struck with the countenance of Lucy, and walked home quite ashamed of himself, for having unintentionally hurt her feelings; he could think of nothing, but that pale, sweet countenance, which not even a shade of anger had darkened at his cruel remark, and which had been so illumined

at the return of M—— to the coach. He lay awake part of the night: for the remembrance of Lucy incessantly haunted his mind. At eleven, the next morning, Mr. J. was at M——'s door; he conversed some time with him, and found, that his misfortunes were comparatively undeserved; he told him, how he had spoken in Lucy's presence, and begged to be introduced to her. Lucy was in her chamber, but, at her husband's request, she instantly came down. "Madam," said the old man, "I must have seemed an old brute yesterday, but I heartily beg your pardon: I think you will forgive me." She replied to Mr. J. with a smile, which he thought even more beautiful than the one with which she welcomed her husband on the preceding day. Before they parted, Mr. J. had contrived to offer M—— a considerable sum of money; but M—— declined it, saying, "I am young and healthy, sir; and I can work; if you can give me any employment for the present, I should be truly grateful. I cannot incur another debt, which I may be unable to discharge." Mr. J. admired the principle, which he could hardly understand: he had never been refused before, when he had offered to lend money: he became deeply interested for his new friends, and he did

not forget them. He was requested, some time after, by his brother, to recommend some person who could take charge of confidential letters over land to India; a considerable sum was offered, and every expense was promised to be paid, to render the fatigues and dangers of the journey more tolerable.

Mr. J. took the letter to M——, and giving it him to peruse, said, "I know your character and principles; you may, if you please, accept this offer."—"I *must* decline it, Sir," replied M——. "Decline what?" inquired Lucy, who was sitting at work near the window; she had alternately gazed at the countenances of her husband and Mr. J. "May I see that letter?" William gave it to her, but his hand trembled, and he turned away. Lucy, as she read it, leaned her head down over the paper, and, at last, she let it fall; but in stooping to pick up the letter, she pressed the handkerchief to her eyes, which she had been hemming; and the tears, she had feared would overflow, were not discovered as she returned the letter to her husband; "*I* would have him accept this very kind offer, Sir," said she. William was desirous of refusing it at once: he could not bear the mere idea of leaving his wife. "Would Mr. J. wait

till this evening," asked Lucy, "for a decisive answer?" he consented, and soon left them. William was desirous, at once, to state all his reasons, and convince his wife that he ought not to go. She felt then quite unable to resist even his wishes, much less his arguments: she requested him to leave her for a short time; and retired to her chamber to pray, for she felt that a real sorrow had, at length, visited her; and that the time was come when her heart was, indeed, to be tried. And let it be remembered, that to such persons the trial was doubly severe. To any one, the parting from another, whose society mere habit has endeared, would be sorrowful; but Lucy and her husband were no common lovers; their congeniality of tastes; their increased delight in each other's society; every thing had heightened their affection, and religion had sanctified that affection, during the trials they had so lately undergone.

Lucy was, also, about to become a mother; and to lose her husband, at such a time, was doubly afflicting; but as she thought of all this, she only felt the greater necessity of *entire confidence* in God. She met her husband, prepared to conquer, where the victory half broke her heart. M—— thought, *he* was also pre-

pared, and determined to remain with her; but Lucy spoke not as a mere woman; he felt that it was almost a duty to go.

The settlement of M——'s affairs was nearly finished, and his creditors had allowed him to leave England; he had accepted the proposal of Mr. J. and he had often, too, resolved, afterwards not to leave his wife; but Lucy, though daily more sad and pale, was still firm; assuring him that when he was once gone, she should soon become more resigned to his absence. She did not feel nearly resigned, however; she felt quite sick at heart, as she stood over the packages, where all her neatness and ingenuity had been exercised, to put every thing in the smallest compass; and as she sat next him, on that last evening, how vainly did she strive to speak and smile! she could only gaze on him, and think, till a deeply drawn sigh recalled her to herself. Who has not, on the mournful last evening, read over every feature with something like despair, and felt that remembrances would intrude to make the heart doubly wretched—remembrances of things, so trivial, that they are only regretted because *then*, the morrow was *not* dreaded. "Oh!" said Lucy to herself, as they sat down by the bright fire, at an early hour, "I have this

whole evening with him; but the *whole* evening soon passed away; and, as she knelt afterwards to her prayers, she could only hang down her head and weep; she thought it would be impossible to sleep—but she did sleep, to wake, alas! to that sense of misery, which, when the anxious mind has been, as it were, stupified with grief, is so dreadful! William was standing near her, quite dressed; his kiss had awakened her, though he had been almost tempted to leave her in her quiet sleep, and had kissed her very softly: she started up, and guessed his intention; "Oh! William!" she exclaimed, "you would not leave me in this manner; I was very weak last night, but you shall see that I can exert myself; you may go down, for I am sure you will not leave me, as if you feared I should act unbecomingly, and only distress you and myself." Lucy was soon ready to join her husband; she felt, as she threw open her window, and breathed the fresh morning air, really composed; and repeated to herself, "*Though heaviness may endure for the night, joy cometh in the morning." She put into her husband's hand, at parting, her own small bible, and a written paper.

* Psalm xxx. v. 5.

Directly M—— was gone, Lucy began to employ herself very busily; and, though at times she started up with some agonizing recollection, and burst into tears, her mind became gradually calmer: she wrote very often, for she found that her pen could easily be made to express every succession of thought, which passed over her mind; while in reading, it was difficult, and often impossible, to follow the ideas of an author, writing with different feelings from her own; this was never the case, however, in the bible, where every mind can find some allusion to its situation, at every time; where the God, who breathed into man, and he became a living soul, has breathed his divine inspiration over every page. Poor Lucy, perhaps, is thought very weak; I wish her to appear so: I am not describing a stoic, but a woman, with all the anxieties and weaknesses of woman; with a heart of almost poetical sensibility; but I am also endeavouring to describe a Christian, who, though pierced with many sorrows, still looks up, weeping, to the consolation which never faileth. I would strive to join a woman's feeble qualities to a Christian's hope—a Christian's want of selfishness; and surely the tears of such a person

would not be despised by him who wept over the departed Lazarus.

M——, after parting from his wife, was continually engaged, till he reached the ship which was to convey him from England. He stood on the deck, and looked wistfully on his native shores, till they faded away, and all was sea and sky around him. The last glimpse of his dear home had vanished; and, with a heavy heart, he descended to his cabin, to peruse, again, the paper which Lucy had given him. It is very delightful to read over and over, where all present are careless about us, the language of the true, constant heart, which is never indifferent to our slightest hopes. M—— read as follows.

"I thought, my dearest William, that I could say so much to you, before we parted, but I feel I cannot—I am so very much confused by grief, that, when I see you, I forget it all; now, that I am writing to you even, my thoughts and feelings are so mingled together, that I know, when my letter and you are gone, I shall remember many things, I meant to say, and did not. Dear William, am I not presuming in writing a letter of advice to you? something tells me that a wife should not claim the right of directing; but af-

fection and religion whisper, that you will not be displeased with my intention; and, indeed, I don't claim any right; I only love you very much, so that I can't help risking your displeasure, by declaring my sentiments. Would not a wife be blamed, who, in my present situation particularly, neglected to provide, as well as possible, for her husband's bodily comforts? surely the wife then acts rightly, who proves, that, to her, the soul of that husband is most valuable. Don't be afraid, my kind William, that I am going to give you a great deal of my advice, after this long preamble; I am only going to tell you what I think, and can only think about; for, in speaking of religion, I am so fearful to injure the divine cause I am pleading for: snow must be touched only by delicately pure fingers, if we would preserve its dazzling whiteness undefiled; it is the same with religion;—but I must speak, and may God, who sees my intentions, give his blessing to them. You are going, my beloved husband, into countries, where the name of our Saviour is unknown or disregarded—where, perhaps, the only temple for his worship, may be your own heart; guard then the issues of that heart; watch, and pray that it may become pure and holy; and

never forget God in a strange land. Be like Abdiel, whose simple, faithful character we have so often admired.

* His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal:
Nor number, nor example with him wrought,
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind;
Though single.

"Though single; yes, dearest, with every temptation around you; depending not on your own strength,—in what trials can that avail, if unassisted? Oh! how can one poor mortal oppose an invisible spirit, who is ever on the watch, to enter into the heart, and corrupt it?—one, who seduced the once pure Eve! one, who presumed to tempt the Son of God? With such an enemy, man must fall; he is every way unprepared, by his own power, to resist his ghostly enemy. But if† "God be for us, who can be against us?" "the ‡ angel of the Lord turneth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Oh! my best beloved, let religion possess the first place in your every thought and action: it will not consent to hold a second place; it must be no theory, but practice: it must be every thing

* Milton. † Romans viii. 18. ‡ Psalm xxxiv. 7.

or nothing: too many, alas! act as if they thought that there are occasions, when the precepts of scripture may be disregarded; there are none. I speak in strong language—but I speak truth. I do not forget, dear husband, that I am a feeble woman; but I remember, that my soul loves you, and, feeling as I do, I cannot *speak* otherwise. Oh! I don't wish to appear superior; I don't pretend to eloquence; but I would touch your heart, with that pure and glorious truth—with that joyful hope which now* "makes me, indeed, reckon the sufferings of the present time, as not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to us."—"†Hope, that is seen, is not hope; but if we hope for that which we see not, then do we, with patience, hope for it." I have one favour to ask, which affects me, I must own, very much; but you will grant it—should any prospect of a good situation be offered you, do not return to England immediately; have no fears on my account; I feel confident I shall not want; my confidence in you, and in the Almighty, will make me even happy during your absence. How far we shall soon be separated; you will be where every thing around is so dif-

* Romans viii. 18. † Romans viii. 24—25.

ferent, in another quarter of this immense world; but, with God, this immense world is but a little speck; and God will be with us both at the same time; we may both be kneeling to Him at the same hour; and, to Him, we shall appear very near each other. Think how I shall feel repaid, by your return, for all my sorrows; and be careful of your health; I promise you never to neglect mine: but, should we never meet again on earth, accept this faint expression of my gratitude, dearest, most affectionate husband; it is not wrong to speak thus; for who shall question the will of the Almighty: should this be our last parting, we must not murmur. To say that I love you, and pray for you, would be only repeating what you are assured of: to say how I love you—how earnestly I implore the blessings of our Heavenly Father for you, would be impossible. To his care I commit you.

Lucy M———."

This paper was read with always increased delight by M——, who felt that it made him more reconciled to his separation from Lucy; it also relieved his mind from many fears on her account; for it made him more confident in her affection, and in his reliance on the Divine care

to which he had left her. Unwilling to add to her father's expenses, Lucy declined his earnest request, that she would allow him to come for her, and take her back with him into Cornwall; he was growing old; the journey was expensive; besides, she had plans which would oblige her to return to London immediately after her confinement: she, therefore, accepted the repeated invitation of Miss Nugent, and became her guest. Having attended unremittingly to her health and spirits, it was in the calmest and most resigned state that Lucy felt the time approaching when her life would be in danger, and when perhaps she might not be spared. She prepared as for her death; but she suffered little, and became the mother of a fine girl. In her gratitude to the Almighty, she could not even *think* a murmur that William was not gazing with her at his child; and as she saw the little infant lie smiling on her bosom, and felt, for the first time, the pressure of its soft lips, her heart glowed with love and gratitude. Lucy soon recovered from her confinement; and when she had weaned her child, she informed Miss Nugent of her determination to go out as a daily governess. Her kind friend pressed her repeatedly to remain with her; but Lucy felt that it was necessary for her to depend on herself. She

refused also the offer of Mr. J., to pay her a small annuity till her husband's return, declaring that his success in India, though probable, was not certain; and that she could not accept, what she had no reasonable expectation of being able to return herself. She was perfectly well, and she possessed principles which urged her to make the best use of her own powers: she had also the good sense to begin her labours immediately. One request, however, she could not refuse; Mary, the excellent servant who had been discharged when her mistress gave up her house, came to her, and intreated to be taken back. "I know you better than a strange servant, ma'am," said she, "and you know me; though I have often been cross, I believe I have been always honest; I love master, and I love you, as if you were my own children; and I told master that I would never forsake you. I'd come to you for as little wages as any young girl you could hire; and I'd rather come for nothing if you'd let me." Lucy hesitated; while she was doubting, the remembrance of Mary's hasty temper occurred to her, and involuntarily she looked earnestly at her child, who was sleeping in her arms; she feared thar Mary had perceived what was passing in her mind, and she blushed deeply.

Mary had perceived it, and she coloured too, and said: "Ah! ma'am, I know you are doubting about my shocking temper, and that sweet baby, you are afraid to leave her with me; but, ma'am, I'll promise you, and God will help me, to be very gentle with her. Only try me; if you don't find that I am a very kind nurse, then turn me away, and that will punish me."—"My good Mary," answered Lucy, "I will not treat you as I could not bear to be treated myself, nor have the false pride to refuse you; but I am very poor, and can only try if I am able to keep you with me. Will you take Edith for a little time?" she added, putting the infant into Mary's arms as she left the room. Lucy had really no reason that called her away, but with the feelings of a truly delicate mind she wished to prove to Mary that she trusted her. Mary quite understood her; for persons of her disposition have usually superior quickness in comprehending every little slight, and every delicate attention; and the tears of grateful joy that rolled down her cheeks, made her confess, that to be so repaid, her feelings would often submit to be so wounded.

Lucy soon removed to her lodgings; and, at Miss Nugent's recommendation, she daily gave

instructions in several families. The exertion was frequently wearying; but, after her long walks, often through rain and snow, she always found her little girl healthy and smiling, and she could not murmur. That winter, she received letters from her husband, informing her that he had been offered a very advantageous situation, and had accepted it; he could not, therefore, return home for some years.

Lucy had just taken off her cloak one evening, having been very fatigued by a cold wet walk, when a message was brought that Miss Nugent was ill, and wished to see her; she instantly obeyed the summons, and consented to her poor friend's intreaties to remain with her. Lucy became sincerely attached to her amiable friend; the gentleness and firm piety with which she bore a long and severe illness, only added to the trials which Lucy underwent, for Miss Nugent died. She had lived on a life annuity, but she had left every thing she could to Lucy; a house in one of the principal streets at Bath, and one hundred pounds.

Lucy deliberated long, but at last she decided on removing to Bath, and setting up in business there as a milliner: the scheme was a litle humiliating; but Lucy possessed a mind which dignified every employment.

It would be needless to speak of the difficulties which Lucy struggled against and surmounted; she was, however, after a few years, surprisingly successful. Her sister Ellinor had left home to join her; and the unwearied industry of these two sisters would hardly have been credited. While all around them was elegance and even affluence, they alone were ever simple and frugal: never did they indulge in one selfish expense; their charity, however, was so universal,* that they could not prevent its being celebrated. Mr. J. was highly connected; he had many friends at Bath, and Lucy was every where recommended: her taste was so admired, that she became fashionable; and when her character and story were known, she became generally loved and respected.

The education of her daughter was her chief delight: she had, when a daily governess, regretted being obliged to leave Edith, then a little infant; for she thought even the first months of her child's life an important time. How much after-trouble might be spared, if mothers would watch over the minds of their infants, directly they begin to notice surrounding objects; if

* A fact.

fretfulness were instantly soothed: "the sympathies even of infants are quick, and powerfully affected by the manner, looks, and tones of voice of those about them; though the minds of children, as their bodies, are not to be forced: we are to follow the leadings of nature, 'to go her pace.'"* Edith had the advantage of "those which are the golden hours of childhood, those which are spent in the society of a good mother:" she became an affectionate, obedient child.

Year after year did Lucy receive accounts of her husband's increasing prosperity. At length the period of his return approached: he wrote to tell her he had taken his passage for England in the Mowbray Castle; but many ships, which had sailed with her, had arrived; the Mowbray Castle was not among them. One morning Lucy looked, as she had long anxiously done, at the shipping accounts in the newspaper; the Mowbray Castle was mentioned, but, alas! it was lost. The shock was too severe; Lucy fell senseless on the floor: she opened her eyes, however, to happiness; for, as she fainted, her husband arrived at the door. He had been *alone saved*, and had hurried to his wife, that he might,

* "Hints on early Education, by Mrs. H—re."

if possible, be with her before the news of the shipwreck reached her.

"I have nothing," said he, as he pressed his wife to his bosom; "my property was not insured, and I have returned poorer than I left you."—"My dearest William," said Lucy, "we have enough to supply us with the necessaries of life, and you have brought me, what is above all riches, your own affection: you are returned at last, and I am perfectly happy. Well did my father say to me, 'God is a God that hideth himself; but, God is love.'"

THE CHILDHOOD OF

CHARLES SPENCER,

AGED THIRTEEN.

" O 'tis not a tear!

* * * * *

* * * * *

" O 'tis a tear!
Too true a tear; for no sad eyne,
How sad so e'er,
Raine so true a tear as thine."

Richard Crashaw.

THE

CHILDHOOD OF CHARLES SPENCER.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

I NEVER could believe that there was not such a person as the real Robinson Crusoe: some one told me, when first I read the account of his adventures, that they were written by a person named Defoe. I could not help doubting. "Defoe has been suspected," it was added, "of having unjustly given himself out as the author of Robinson Crusoe, but he really composed the book from the journal of Alexander Selkirk; a man, whose residence on a desert island, in many circumstances resembled that of Robinson Crusoe. I thought this account more probable, I felt highly indignant at the conduct of Defoe,

but still I could hardly believe that Robinson Crusoe was an assumed name, there seemed so much truth in the story.—Perhaps I was a silly child, then; but I know it seemed very fine to believe all about Robinson Crusoe.

I always have intended, since I read Robinson Crusoe, to write my own adventures; and I have always had a sort of strange wish to be cast on the shore of some desolate island. If my father had not been unhappy, I think I should have run away sometimes; once in particular, I remember, after I had been walking with George Harman, and talking about foreign countries—I forgot to say who George Harman is, though; why, he is a midshipman, who has been now six years in the navy—I was almost tempted to become a sailor; but, as I said before, I could not bear to make my father unhappy. This wish of mine was wrong, I know; but I must speak of my faults. The reason I am now writing, is, that I am unable to leave the house: I was climbing to the top of one of the oaks behind our house, and I fell down and sprained my ankle.

Why I should have said so much about Robinson Crusoe, I hardly know; for I have always lived at home, and met with very few adventures; none like his, of course.

I had stopt here, for, on thinking it over, it seemed very foolish in me to write my own history. My ankle, too, got well before I felt disposed to go on writing; and I have lived in the open air almost ever since, during the whole summer; except when I was learning my lessons in my father's study, and at prayer time, and dinner time, &c., and when sound asleep in bed.

Last night I found this copy book, in which I had begun to write my adventures, open on the table in my bed room; on the blank inside of the cover is written, I can't tell by whom, "Charles Spencer is requested to continue writing his adventures, by one whom he has always appeared happy to oblige." It's very odd! I could not think, at first, how any one could have found my book; but I soon recollected, that, a few days before, when I wanted a piece of paper to write my Latin exercise on, I tore a leaf out of this book, which, I recollected too, I had left in the breakfast-room, lying open on my desk. I carried it down there, because I did not wish to tear out a page without first searching for another sheet of paper in my desk. I went away in a great hurry, and did not miss the book till last night. I wonder whose writing that is! It may be my father's, but I don't like to ask him. I

forgot also to say, that in a smaller hand is written, "Do not try to find out who makes this request;" so I shall be silent. The person does not ask to see what I write—I am glad no such conditions have been made. I have stared often at my father, to observe if he *looked* as if he had written it; but I have always withdrawn my eyes, and felt quite unable to judge, from his grave countenance; my grandmother too, and Elizabeth, do not look as if the writing were theirs.—It can't be George Harman, though he was in the breakfast-room when I left it. Oh, no; for George left home the day before yesterday, and I am quite certain this book was only put on my table yesterday.

Whoever reads this, will, I think, be tired of the long beginning. I shall call it my preface, and begin directly to scribble all that I can remember. I am afraid I shall write a great deal not worth reading, but I only write to please the unknown person who wrote in my book; not to show my production to him even, unless it please me.

Let me remember all that I can, while my mother lived; whom I loved so very much, and who I am sure loved me quite as well, as I did her. I always knelt before her, when I said my

prayers; and leaned my clasped hands on her knees.—I gave her a great deal of trouble; but she never seemed angry with me; and whenever I had behaved badly, she always used to say: "you should pray to God, Charles, after these fits of passion, that he may forgive you, and help you to govern your temper." I always used to stop, after I had said: "Lord, I beseech Thee;" and turning round to my mother, ask, *what* I ought to say next. "What would you say, if you wished me to do any thing for you, Charles?" still she generally helped me out in my prayer. I was very happy, when she kissed me afterwards; and I always felt as if I could not displease God again; but perhaps, the very day after, I was as naughty as ever.

I never knew any one so gentle as my mother. Elizabeth is most like her; and so she ought to be, as she is her own daughter. My mother gave me some books, which I have taken care of: though they are all written for children, I like now to read in them, better than other books. One is, Sellon's abridgment of the Holy Scriptures; the others, Barbauld's Hymns; Edgeworth's Early Lessons; and Trimmer's Sacred History.—My mother used to read to me, the account of the infancy of the Prophet

Samuel; and of our Saviour's childhood. God consented to become a little helpless child. How wonderful!

My dear mother died when I was four years old. I remember that she held out her hand to me, just before she kissed me for the last time; and it was so very thin and white; her eyes too, looked larger than they ever seemed, and of a deeper blue; she turned round to my father that night, and said: "Let Charles sit up a little longer this evening, my love."—My father only looked at her; I wondered he did not answer; but I believe it was, because he could not speak just then; for I saw him crying behind the bed curtains soon after. When I woke the next morning, they told me mama was dead. I did not pay much attention to what they said, for I did not know what it meant to be dead: I did not think the morning seemed at all gloomy; for the sun was shining as brightly as ever, and when I went out into our field, the larks were singing as cheerfully as ever, nothing seemed dull. I was sitting under the large hawthorn tree, at the end of our field; and watching a goldfinch, which was dancing among the slender branches; while every now and then, a little shower of white blossoms came flying down to the ground.

I was always very fond of peeping up, from under a tree, and observing how many little shady arbours were formed, among the boughs; and how transparently green and bright the leaves appeared, when seen from quite beneath. The merry goldfinch had just flown away, when Elizabeth came out; and I began to think about my mother again: "What does 'dead' mean, Elizabeth?" I asked, "for Jenny says, mama is dead." My sister only began to weep; but at last she said: "Dead, means," she looked round, and hesitated; but she saw the hawthorn blossoms on the grass, and said: "these flowers are dead, Charles: those on the tree, which have that beautiful pink colour, blushing over them, are the most fresh; those, which look dark in the centre, are dying: after a few days, these which are now white on the ground, will have wasted away, and will not be seen any more: some of the blossoms are shaken off by very rough winds; and your mama died as they do."—Here, Elizabeth wept again; "but all these," she added, after hanging on the tree some time, must fall off and die; as persons who are as old as grand-papa *must* die." Elizabeth told me a great deal more, and explained why mama was different from the hawthorn blossoms; because she had a soul, which always

lives; and she told me, that if I obeyed God, I might see my mother again, after I was dead, in heaven. I was very happy to hear that; because I had begun to fear, that she would never be seen again, like the dead flowers.—I supposed then, that my eldest sister, Magdalen, was dead; for I had never seen her, since she had left home, to stay with her aunt in Devonshire; and no one had talked about her, for many months. I just remember that she was very good natured, and much prettier than Elizabeth: she had bright gold coloured hair, which hung down nearly to her little waist, in such large shining curls! She was a very merry girl, and always made my father and mother laugh, when she was with them.

I wished I could see my mother, but I hardly knew whether she had not wasted away into nothing, as I saw the fallen hawthorn blossoms had. A few days after, I was so surprised, to see a large long box carried down stairs one morning, covered with black cloth. I went up to the men, and asked what they were carrying, which seemed so heavy; one of them, a silly looking lad, answered; "Your mother's coffin, little master." I ran down stairs to tell my father, and ask what that silly looking lad meant; but he was not in his study; I went to the win-

dow, and looking out, I saw the men carrying something: I guessed it must be the same box, only it was hidden by a long black sheet, edged with white; my father and Elizabeth were walking after them, very slowly. I ran out without my hat, and asked my father to take me with them. I did not overtake him till he had reached the churchyard. An old woman came, and said, "you had better come home with me again, Master Charles;" but I hid myself within the long cloak, which my father wore; and, taking hold of his hand, said: "No, no, mayn't I stay with you, father?" He had not noticed me before, but now he pressed my hand more closely within his, and said to the poor woman, very mildly: "I will keep him with me."—We entered the church, and I trembled all over: every one looked so grave, and a loud mournful bell tolled just over my head, which I had not heard before.

My father was very attentive to the service, but I saw, that he always looked at the coffin, and moved his head quickly whenever it was moved. I could not think, what the great pit was made for, in the church-yard. I had guessed, from what I heard the clergyman say, that my mother's body was in the coffin; but I did not guess, they were going to bury the coffin in

the ground, because the hawthorn blossoms were not buried, and the grass in the churchyard was just as green as that in the field. My father stood at one end of the grave, with his head uncovered; he never once moved his eyes, but his face was very pale, and his lips shook. I was frightened, and only just peeped my head out of his long cloak. Elizabeth stood very near him, but a thick veil hung down over her face, and through it I saw, she held her handkerchief before her eyes. When the coffin sounded at the bottom of the grave, my father started and shivered, just as if he had been cold; it was odd, I thought then, for the weather was mild and warm: I did not know, that he shivered from grief; soon after this, my father walked away; I wondered why he should go, and leave my mother's body in that deep dark hole; I had half a mind to stay, but my poor father looked so mournful, that I slowly accompanied him home.—I had cried a little once or twice, but I had never missed my mother so much, till when I passed her room door, as I went up stairs to bed, I ran up faster than Jenny, and I could not help going in: it was almost dark, the cold air came in through the open windows; the carpets were all taken up, and the room looked very desolate. My mother's favourite little work

was pushed up in a corner, and on it lay a turn-screw and some screws: in the middle of the room were two odd looking stands, like those which they put the coffin on, in the church, and some sawdust was thinly strewed on the floor. I was standing in this room, almost ready to cry, and thinking of my dear, dear mother, and that I should perhaps grow up to be a man, and never see her again till I died. I had never felt so very very miserable as I then did; I have never felt so miserable since.—It grew darker and darker, still I was standing in the middle of the room. I began by degrees to be afraid of moving; and I put both my hands before my eyes, that I might not see any thing, for every thing looked so melancholy. All at once, I heard something pass rustling by my head; and then I heard it flutter against the window. I did not consider one moment; but I burst out into a loud fit of crying. Jenny heard me, she had been looking about, for she could not think where I had gone. When she came in, I ran to her, and began to make more noise; I would not tell her why I cried out, nor would I go away with her; but I seemed as if her presence only gave me the liberty of crying more violently. I would not be pacified when Elizabeth came into the

room. She spoke to me; I turned round, taking away Jenny's apron, behind which I had hidden my face. I minded all Elizabeth told me directly, for she spoke just like my mother. "Act like a manly boy, my dear Charles," she said; "and tell me calmly, why you are so frightened."—"Oh! there it is, there it is," I cried loudly, for during the time my sister had spoken so quietly, I heard the loud fluttering again. Elizabeth guessed instantly what had frightened me; she went up to the window, and, coming again to me, took my hand, to lead me to the window. "Oh! no, no," I cried out, but at last I let her draw me forward; I kept my eyes covered at first by my hands, but at last I opened them, finger by finger, and saw a large moth, beating its wings against the window, and seeming quite as terrified as I had been. Elizabeth sate by my bed-side that night, (she always heard me say my prayers, after my mother died;) and talked to me, till I fell fast asleep. When I woke the next morning, I went up to the window; the first thing I saw was the church; I remembered that my mother's body had been lying out all night, and ran as fast as I could to the church-yard. The dark pit was not to be seen, nor could I find where it had been for some

time. On the spot, was a sort of mound raised up, like many others in the church-yard, covered with fresh turf, and bound together with osiers. One little cowslip was growing up among the grass; the soft pale green stem of this flower was no longer than a long blade of grass; but I was quite glad to see it, and every morning I went to look if the little buds were blown, and when the weather was very dry, I always watered it. After it left off blowing, I never forgot it; but loved its little crimped half-hidden leaves, better than all the brightest summer flowers: now, there are more than thirty cowslips on my mother's grave. A cowslip was her favourite flower.

Some weeks after my mother's death, my father went away for a short time; he returned very mournful, and brought back my grandmother to live with us; for my grandfather, I then heard, had died. My father left us again shortly after, but he looked still more unhappy when he came back, and I heard him say to Elizabeth: "It was all in vain, my love;" then my sister began to cry. How very melancholy my father used to be then! He often took me on his knee, and appeared as if he forgot I was with him. I have known him sit in that manner, for more

than an hour; I never stirred, for though it was very tiresome to sit still so long, I loved him too much to disturb him: sometimes, when I have been very tired, I have given a sort of yawning sigh, which I could not keep in; then my father would recover himself, and kiss me, and say: "My poor patient little Charles, I forgot you were sitting on my knee." He used sometimes, also to put me before him on his horse, and take such long rides over the heath, and into a forest, very near our village, and he would stop at so many cottages, and farm-houses, that we frequently did not get home till it was dark, though we had set out soon after breakfast. I loved my father very much; that was the time, when I began to love him so. After that time he taught me himself, all my lessons; and used to talk to me more frequently about God. He always seemed to know, when I ought to be spoken to about religion. He would take me to the top of a hill, when the sun was setting, and the whole sky shining with beautiful colours: and when the stars were all sparkling over head, he would say: "Come out, Charles." I often exclaimed, how much I was surprised, at such beautiful sights; and then he would tell me, that God created them.

I loved God for making every thing so beautiful; and I wondered at his mighty power—He told me, how much God hated liars, and that the devil was called the father of lies. And he would take me into a room, which the full sun blazed upon, and tell me to look at it; and when I found it dazzled my eyes, he would shut the shutters, and show me how the rays of the sun could come through a small hole in the shutter, so that they spread a faint light all over the room; and he would say, that the eye of God was ten thousand times brighter than the sun; and then he would stop up the hole in the shutter, and make the room quite dark. "We can shut out the light of the sun," he would say; "but we cannot shut out God's eye: it sees us every where; when we are quite alone, now in this darkness, just as well as when the blazing sun darted its light into the room." My father often made me repeat these lines to him, which he taught me that day:

"Lie not, but let thy heart be true to God,"
Thy mouth, to it; thy actions to them both:
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod;
The stormie working soul spits lies and froth.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie:

A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby."*

My father was anxious to make me manly and courageous. "I cannot bear," he would say, "to see a weak effeminate boy; ill health can be the only excuse for it. I would have you fear no one but God; that is, if you continue to act virtuously. But remember, my dear Charles, there is a great difference between being effeminate, and possessing many of those gentle and humble graces, which are more peculiarly present in the character of the best women; and are called therefore feminine. Many of these were displayed in the conduct of our Saviour, and all truly good and noble men have possessed the most gentle hearts. To be effeminate, is to act like a weak silly woman; to be almost feminine in some things, is to act with the purity, and gentleness, and humanity, of a virtuous woman."

I was often forgetful of my father's advice on this subject: once, for instance, in a dispute with some of the boys in our village, I displayed none of that gentle feeling which the truly brave possess. The dispute with them first began thus: I saw a whole troop of boys pursuing another boy, and hissing whenever they came

* Herbert.

near him, while one or two threw broken clods of earth at him: he was a bigger boy than I; but there were so many against him, that I determined to take his part. I must own, that I was rather ashamed to hear him cry in a very cowardly manner. I stopped to watch them, but all at once a large lump of turf, which was thrown at him, struck his hat so violently, that it fell to pieces, and knocked the hat off his head. In a great passion, I rushed up to the crowd, and asked, in rather an insolent manner, how they dared torment another so? One boy alone answered me, provoked no doubt at my manner, but he did not tell me, that the boy whom I defended was a thief and a cunning liar; I learnt this afterwards. He was a high spirited fellow, and would not bear to be spoken to as I had spoken to him; he had really been trying to call off the other boys, which my hastiness had prevented me from perceiving: no explanation took place, for I became more and more passionate; we fought, and then I learnt how unjustly I had acted; for the brave boy then told me every thing. I was very sorry, and very much ashamed of myself, but the fine fellow more than forgave me. When I returned home, I ran up the back stairs to my own room, and locked myself in.

My nose had bled violently, and the collar of my shirt was soaked in blood. As quickly as I could I undressed, I took off that shirt and put on another. I poured some water into the basin and washed my face; when I had combed my hair, there were scarcely any signs of the condition I had been in. "Now," said I, "to prevent their finding out that this shirt has been bloody;" so I took it up and was just going to wash it in the basin, when I knocked down the trowsers I had taken off; some beautiful horse chesnuts, which I had picked up that evening, rolled out of one of the pockets: in an instant I thought of Frank and the horse chesnuts, in Miss Edgeworth's "Early Lessons," the remembrance came over me, that I was, if not telling, acting a lie. I remembered all my father had said, and repeated to myself;

"Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie,
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby."

"God sees me," I said, "he has seen my deceit all the while. I might have concealed this from my father, but never from my Father in Heaven." I put on the bloody shirt again as quickly as possible, and ran into my father's study. I told him every thing which had hap-

pened, from my first meeting the boys to my preparing to wash my shirt. He did not answer, but going up to his bookcase, he took out a small old book with silver clasps to it; he put it into my hands and said, "this was your mother's bible, it is now yours." He opened it and read aloud, stooping down that I might look over him; "For my dear Charles, when he shall have acted nobly on any one occasion: this best book will teach him to act so, that we may meet perhaps never to be parted from each other." This was written by my mother, under her own name. How unworthy was I of such a gift! I know it made me feel more ashamed of my deceitful conduct, and more humble; but it seemed to urge me on towards reaching true happiness. It was such a taste of happiness, so much more delightful than any pleasure I had ever felt before, that I resolved to recall that moment as often as I could to my mind.

Robinson Crusoe, now I think on it, described the island where he resided, and every thing which concerned his house, which *must* have been the most delightful place in the world; and here have I come thus far in my history, and said nothing about our vicarage, nor the church, nor Bryan Court.

I ought first to speak about the country. I have heard the farmers say, that it was a poor barren country; but it was only the farmers who spoke against it. The vicarage stands in a small valley, closed behind and on one side by abrupt hills and caverned sand rock; two large oaks, which grow at the foot of these hills, hang over a very clear spring, flowing up from a natural well in the rock; in the middle of this well, the water always makes the sparkling sand rise and fall like that in an hour glass, and causes a sort of little bubble in the centre of the surface; the rock is scooped out into a large cave over this spring; and its sides are covered with light green moss, which has a different shade, if looked at two different ways, like the richest velvet; one way it appears as if the brightest green were shot with gold: the sides of the well are fringed with a small forked leaf fern, which is green all the winter.

Why I describe this spot so particularly is, because my mother was very fond of it, and used to sit in the warm weather under these oaks; they are just at the corner, where the other side of the valley, which I have not described, begins: that side seems to swell up into a sloping green hill, covered for some distance

with a hazel copse. In the spring, the mossy ground of this copse is quite spread over with patches of primroses and violets; when they die away, the blue bells spring up thickly in the dampest places close to the stems of the trees; and so does the white wild anemone, with its yellow seeds. If you try to look through this copse, there seems no ending to it. There are many little open spaces among the trees, where I often steal away to read quite by myself; in one is a hillock covered with moss, from the top of which, when I am lying down, I can look all over the country through the highest branches of the copse, and not be seen myself.

If I go on describing in this manner though, I shall never get on with the story; and I have not begun to speak of the vicarage, or the church, or Bryan Court. Well, the vicarage is a low white cottage, with a pointed or gable end, I think they call it, towards the front lawn, with large casement windows; and an old brick porch to the door. Most of the rooms have wainscots of black shining oak, and there are no grates, only dogs to the hearths; those in the drawing room were once gilt. There is no hall to the cottage, but a sort of passage room, which we use in summer, when the large fire

place is hidden by a chimney board, covered with Chinese paper, on which is painted a peacock, with its tail spread out; and a tall China jar, streaked with grey, and full of curious red and lilac flowers. Old cloaks, bonnets, and clogs, are generally left in this room, and some prints of ships and Indian ink drawings, (not very well done,) of Elizabeth's, are hung round. My sister's geraniums, and two or three large straggling carnations, are placed here during the winter.

The church was built, I believe, in the reign of Henry the Third: the church-yard is bounded on one side by the river. A foot bridge leads from thence over the fields, the shortest way to Bryan Court, a fine old mansion, also on the banks of the river. It is surrounded almost all round, at the distance of about a hundred yards, by tall trees, chiefly by very old firs; on one side, a terrace extends for a quarter of a mile bordered by large beech trees. At the end is a red brick summer house, with tottering steps up to the sitting room; the under room is a tool house. The hall, at Bryan Court, is very large; hung all round with stag horns, at least twenty pair: there are two complete suits of armour there, and a corselet of chain mail, hel-

mets, spurs, &c. Only one portrait adorns this hall, for the family pictures are in the sitting rooms; this is the full length figure of an old game keeper, who saved his master's life in the battle of Worcester, in the time of Charles the First. He is a very grim looking personage, with one eye. He followed his master at the wish of his young mistress, one of the most lovely creatures of her time; which may be easily perceived from a small unfinished portrait of her in the drawing-room, by Vandyck. She has large blue eyes, lips transparently red, very little colour, and long ringlets of dark golden hair, falling down on each side of her face; the hair parts on one side, and shows a very small ear, from which hangs a large pear-shaped pearl ear-ring. The portrait of her husband is opposite her; a fine gallant looking fellow, with the fiercest eyes, and the most noble forehead I ever saw. There are a great many other portraits; one of a lady in the time of William and Mary, which I have often looked at with delight. Her name was Elizabeth Bryan; the heiress of an old Scotch family. She looks like a high born woman, but she seems mild and sad. The picture was painted when she was forty-two: her features and complexion are more like those of a

younger woman, and are very handsome; but her soft hair is almost gray. She is dressed very plainly, in a blue silk gown, with no ornament but a sapphire brooch. Her hair is parted entirely from her face, and hangs over one shoulder. She is sitting beneath a tree on a rocky bank, and leaning her head on her hand: in the other hand is a volume of Milton's poems; which shows she must have been a superior woman at that time.—Ah, ha! Miss Elizabeth, you are sitting very quietly there at your work; but if you knew what I am going to write about, I think you would not look quite so calm as you do.—It's only about a young man; I do not mean Houghton Bryan, for he is married, and lives on the Devonshire estate; nor Edward Bryan, for he is with his regiment abroad; it's only about the second brother, Faulkland Bryan, " and *he* is at Cambridge." Yes, I know he is at Cambridge; but, if I'm not mistaken, he is in your thoughts now. " Who is this with a letter? Oh! it's for you, Elizabeth; it's from Faulkland Bryan. You need not blush so; need she, grandmother? He comes to-morrow, does he;" then I must tell my reader who he is. He has just taken his degree at Cambridge, and in two months he will just have been Elizabeth's

husband a month. Faulkland Bryan is intended for a clergyman; he is about two-and-twenty, rather handsome, certainly handsomer than Elizabeth—I never said *how* handsome my sister is. Not at all handsome; I like her face though, and so does Faulkland Bryan I suppose, better than all other faces; perhaps because I have known her, and loved her, all my life; and so has he. She is very modest and simple, and, though she has but little colour, her complexion is clear and white. Her dark hair is very long, and curls naturally. Her figure is very elegant, but altogether she would, I think, at first sight, attract little attention. I know, that often, at Bryan Court, she has sate quite in a corner of the room, while other gay and beautiful young ladies have been singing and playing. Certainly the place to see Elizabeth is in our own parlour, when she is singing to my father and grandmother; looking all the while as if she only cared to please them; not to be praised. Or in the morning, when she goes before breakfast, to some of the cottages: she looks so fresh and cheerful! When she and I are walking together over the heath, she runs so swiftly, and springs over the little rivulets, I very often am unable to keep up with her; and sometimes she takes

off her bonnet, and lets the wind blow about her hair, and runs up to me and shakes the large curls in my face; and if I run after her, she dances about, and turns round and round, and runs off again; but this is only when we are quite alone, and *perhaps* it's *owing* to the heath air; for Elizabeth, though always natural and artless, is very quiet everywhere else; and though she always looks good-tempered, seldom even smiles. How fond General Bryan, Faulkland's father, is of Elizabeth! he always wishes her to stay with his daughter, Grace Bryan. She is also a great favourite with his wife, Lady Katherine.—Every one loves Elizabeth.

My father continued long very anxious: he did not show his feelings so much after some time, but I think he suffered just as much; he always suffers whatever it may be, without speaking about it. My mother had been dead more than a year. I did not then (for I was very heedless) guess there was any other cause. He was kinder to me than ever, and used to lend me such entertaining books; in one of them, a volume of Grose's Antiquities, I was delighted with the account of Lundy Island, which is in the Bristol Channel. I have seldom heard any one speak of it. I thought that I

might live there, as Robinson Crusoe did in the Island of Juan Fernandez. It might be easily fortified, and it is large enough for any one (I mean any reasonable person) to live in. I think other trees, besides the stinking elder, might be made to grow there.* As I said, I was just then interested about Lundy Island, and my father hearing me talk so much about it, said, he thought he had a view of it, which he would lend me to look at; now this view was in a portfolio with some other drawings in one of my poor mother's drawers. My father gave me out the portfolio, and left it with me. When I had looked over all the drawings, I was surprised to find several pieces of poetry with my mother's name, Magdalen, written under them. Off I went with them to Elizabeth, and told her I supposed my father did not know my mother's poetry was with the drawings. "When I take the drawings back to him," I said, "I will show him these verses."—"*Do not*, my dear Charles," Elizabeth replied. "Why? they are my mother's."—"My *sister's name* is Magdalen," she said. I then remembered, that it was very odd, Magdalen had not returned home; and I knew she could not be dead, after what Elizabeth had

* Grose.

just said. She had been away three or four years, and I was then only eight years old. When first she went away I was four years old, and I used to ask my mother when she would come back; but now, I remember, that she never gave me a direct answer. I know not how I had ceased to ask about her; but till then I had almost forgotten her. Elizabeth locked up the verses in her desk, and though, even now, we have not shown them to my father, I dare say he would be pleased to see them, or perhaps the person who requested me to write my history would: he need not read those which seem at all uninteresting to him, but he can go on to the prose part. Ah! but that may be more dull. It is to me, I know, for the poetry was written by my poor unhappy sister, when she was young and good, and beautiful, and happy. I am always sad when I think of her.

ON CHARLOTTE.

Weep no more, that her azure eye
Hath ceas'd to glisten,
That her wavy locks in the damp grave lie,
That her lip hath lost its crimson dye,
That you vainly listen
For her voice of witching melody.

Weep no more, that each fleeting grace
This earth had given,
Hath left for ever her form and face,
That her soul hath run its mortal race;
And the joys of heaven
The changing woes of this world replace.

Weep no more, Oh! weep no more!
Would'st thou renew
The colours that deck'd the worm before?
Would'st thou its grov'ling shape restore
For the lovelier hue,
The lighter wings which heav'nward soar?

FLORA MACDONALD

AND

CHARLES EDWARD.

Who is the sleeping youth that lies
Within my greenwood bower;
The clusters of his yellow hair
All dripping with the shower?

Sae pale his cheek, but when reclin'd
Upon his arm below,
And mantling brightly there, the blood
Spreads in a fever'd glow.

Oh! by his bonnet's faded plume,
His plaidie rudely torn,
He seems some weary traveller,
Deserted and forlorn.

But gaze upon his open brow,
His noble form survey;
Those looks, though gentle, do not seem
Accustomed to obey.

And see, the wind has blown aside
The sleeper's tattered vest;
And is not that a royal star
Which glitters on his breast?

Yes, my belov'd forsaken prince
On female aid relies:
Can death young Flora's courage daunt?
No! for her king she dies!

Sleep on, my prince, securely sleep,
Let every doubt depart;

The foe that would thy slumbers break
Must pierce this faithful heart.

SIMPLICITY.

Oh! let not gems or woven gold
Confine thy waves of shadowy hair;
Nor art arrange each modest fold
Which lightly shades thy bosom fair;
Fix not the hues that delicately fly,
Deep'ning thy soft cheek's pure, tho' paler dye.

Who ever hangs the simple rose
With glaring gems, or golden threads,
Deepens with paint the blush that glows
On every leaf; or perfume sheds,
To scent the flower of love, which fragrance flings,
Whenever Zephyr waves his viewless wings?

LOVELINESS.

My love an orient pearl resembles,
With gentle lustre, dazzling less
Than the living blaze that trembles
In Golconda's valued stone;

But art enhanc'd the diamond's worth,
And *polish'd* all its splendour forth,
While nature form'd the pearl alone,
In pure, in simple loveliness.

Or like the humble daisy blowing
In every season fresh and fair,
While brighter flowers are only glowing
When summer's genial *smiles* are given;
Yet with no lovelier hues than streak
That modest flower, my Lucy's cheek,
Grateful for every *glance* of heaven,
The dew, the shower, the common air.

The sixth winter after my mother's death set in with warm weather for the season; but one morning, when I looked out of the window, I saw that a great deal of snow had fallen during the night, and that the breath on the window pane was frozen. I stood for some time, for I was always very fond of observing snow after it had first fallen. There seemed a white heap on my mother's grave; I stretched my eyes and saw, not a heap of snow, but a figure, all in white, lying on the grave. I dressed as quickly as I could, and ran out on the stairs. I met Elizabeth; I did not stop, but begged her to fol-

low me, which she did instantly. We reached the church-yard, and on approaching nearer to the grave, we beheld really a person lying in the snow. I could not see the face, for it was turned from me; but Elizabeth seemed to know who it was, for she flew up to the grave, and raising the figure, supported it in her arms. I ran immediately to call some one from the house, and when we returned, we found Elizabeth with the head (my sister Magdalen's head) lying on her bosom, and her arms thrown round the body, trying if possible to impart some warmth to it. The face of my poor sister was almost as pale as the snow around her; but she only seemed in a quiet sleep: the folds of her dress, and her long golden hair, were stiff with ice. The hair which hung over Elizabeth's warm shoulder was beginning to drop with water. One of her arms was quite bare, for the sleeve was nearly torn off, and it looked so very white and lifeless. My father came out for an instant, he started back horror struck; but then, with a calm composure, though his eyes had a strange expression, he took Magdalen from her sister's arms, and carried her towards the house. He stopped once; his eyes had been fixed on the lifeless face before him, and lifting them up, with a

look of such gratitude to heaven! he pressed his lips to the cheek. Perhaps it was a flake of snow which was congealed there: it might have been a tear, but it had melted away, I suppose; for when my father raised his head, it was no longer there—every means was taken to restore Magdalen, and they seemed successful; for a bright tear stole from each eye, though it opened not. We stood in the stillest hope round her. There seemed a sort of life creeping over her whole body—her lips hardly unclosed, but we *heard* her sigh—Oh! it makes me half wild to think of it!—that was her last sigh!

I shan't write any more; I havn't the heart to write any more. I must only say, that these two pieces of poetry were found in my sister's pocket. My father, when he read the first, looked very grave; but before he could finish reading the other, he wept over it. Elizabeth says, with joy.

My heart is like a lonely lyre,
  Whose melody hath died away:
The flame of a neglected fire
  Burning away.

And thou art like the careless fingers,
  Which tore those tuneless strings away;

The gale, which as the last spark lingers,
Wastes it away.

The world, the senseless world, remembers
The music which hath pass'd away;
Its tears have steeped the cold, cold embers,
But thou art gay.

REPENTANCE.

Why on the past for ever dwelling,
With not a hope for future years;
With grief thy tender bosom swelling,
Thine eyes in tears?

Because the good, the pure, forsaking,
Because,—but why repeat my woes;
Death—for I feel my heart is breaking,
Will bring repose.

Ah! think not so, thyself deceiving,
Kneel where thy guilt may be forgiven,
Hope, in thy Saviour's love believing,
And rest in heav'n.

The grave is but the mystic portal,
Which opes to endless woe or bliss;
And thou must pass, deluded mortal,
To that or this.

I do believe despair is ending,
My soul's bewilder'd chaos gone;
The dove of heav'nly peace descending
There broods alone.

I cannot speak, the rapture dawning
On more than midnight's deepest gloom!
I mount upon the wings of morning!
Beyond the tomb!

At thy decrees no longer railing,
Patience, O Lord! I ask alone;
And humbly cry, my guilt bewailing,
Thy will be done.

THE MOTHER.

"See, to the last, last verge her infant steals."

Rogers.

THE MOTHER.

I.

'Mid the wild cavern'd cliffs which darkly frown
O'er the black torrent, raving hoarse below.
Dost mark that precipice! almost o'ergrown
With tangled flowers and shrubs that brightly
blow,
As loth the dangers of the gulph to show:
Dispersing gradual as its wreaths expand,
A silvery mist half veils the mountain's brow,
Which slopes with green turf to a level strand;
Close on whose dizzy brink two fearless persons
stand.

2.

A woman, blind and aged, (her weak frame,
How all unfit such toilsome steeps to dare!)
Who leans upon a youth, and seems to claim
His whole attention, as, with tender care,
He gently guides her to a rude bench there.
She turns to *feel* him present, leaves her seat,
And kneels in the meek attitude of prayer.
Approach but softly, and from yon retreat
We'll gaze—there not a glance our hidden
forms may greet.

3.

Look how he fondly presses to his heart
Her trembling hand, and gazes on her face.
Ah! how the tears of grateful rapture start,
And down his glowing cheek their channel trace.
'Twas on that mountain's strand, that very place,
The youth was then in helpless infancy,—
That the poor mother sought, with noiseless
pace,
Her own dear infant, whom her watchful eye
Beheld disporting there in wanton gaiety.

4.

No mother surely to her guardian arms,
On that dread morn received the truant boy,
That bosom ne'er could feel the fond alarms,
The hopes, which mothers fearfully enjoy,
And nearly every cherish'd hope destroy.
With these last words the infant was resign'd;
" Not for one moment leave thy sweet employ:
" Oh! in thy person, let me gladly find,
" That still the mother's heart remain'd with him behind."

5.

The nurse was faithless—how the infant stray'd
To the steep mountain top, was never known.
The anxious mother, by some chance delay'd,
Was hurrying homeward, half asham'd to own,
Ev'n to herself, the terrors which had grown
Within her heart: when, from the distant plain
A lamb seem'd wand'ring o'er these heights, alone,
Approaching nearer, as she look'd again,
At once, the dreadful truth flash'd on her startled brain.

6.

She shriek'd not—wept not—but she turn'd to heav'n
For God assistance; and then forward flew:
Superior strength and speed were surely given.
She reached the summit; on the soft grass threw
Her trembling form; then, gently creeping, drew
Nearer—and nearer still: she tried to sing
His cradle song—he turned—she met his view;
Her arms extended. Ah! he does not spring;
And, to her bursting heart, relief and transport bring.

7.

Was it the sad expression that o'ercast
The transient smile, her features tried to wear?
Her quivering lip, the maniac look that past,
Bright'ning her eye with the wild light of fear?
He stretch'd his hand to grasp a wild rose near,
Whose waving garlands o'er the deep gulph hung.
He look'd—and laugh'd—bare was her breast, *quite* bare—
That instant, ere he turn'd—Right forward sprung
The boy, and round her neck with eager fondness clung.

8.

With gentle firmness, to her bosom, then,
She clasp'd her truant child, and, fearfully,
Some resting place of safety tried to gain,
But shudder'd, as she passed the dangers by,
Where she had lately flown so fearlessly:
Paused, gazed, and trembled; vainly then essay'd
To stir again, shaking convulsively;
She thought upon one never failing aid,
Fell on her feeble knees, and with her full soul
pray'd.

9.

She plac'd her child beside her, and upheld
His infant hands, while, in his name, she blest
The God who heard her prayers: with transport
swell'd
Her heart, which agony had long opprest
With its dull stifling weight; and, long represt,
Her tears gushed forth in one continued shower,
With such excess of joy, her panting breast
Seem'd bursting—she had fainted in that hour,
But strange surpassing strength vouchsaf'd th'
Almighty power.

10.

Long years have pass'd away, and left at length
The mother sightless and decrepid; bent
With their increasing burden; her slight strength,
Ev'en as that nursling's, when she swiftly went,
Inspired, to save him: gratefully content,
In calm seclusion, every want supplied
By cheerful toil, their peaceful life is spent,
There is the cottage, near the mountain's side,
Where thro' the fairy vale, the calm, clear waters glide.

11.

The thin blue smoke, in spiral volumes, steals
From the dark spreaking beech trees which enclose
The velvet lawn, their deep'ning shade conceals;
From hanging rocks above the light birch throws
Its drooping branches; there, while rudely blows
(Tossing their wild wreaths furiously,) the gale,
It scarcely breaks the breathing soft repose,
The living sleep of that deep lonely vale;
Rustling the leaves and flowers, with sweetly mournful wail.

12.

ut, ne'er forgetful of that hallow'd time,
he aged woman leaves the shelt'ring wood,
he laughing valley, and its milder clime,
or the steep mountain's desert solitude,
o breathe, in pray'r, her fervent gratitude,
t the high altars of the Deity:
Where heav'n's own clouds, with purest breath, imbued
f fragrant blossoms, roll their incense high,
eneath th' ethereal dome of the deep azure sky.

13.

ıe loves the mountain winds which rudely blow
lid her grey tresses; they recall the day,
Then, freshly breathing o'er her throbbing brow,
hey wav'd thick curls of auburn hair away,
nd seem'd her brain's wild fever to allay.
ıe loves the fragrant tufts of mountain thyme,
ielding where'er her feeble footsteps stray.
ach thought—each feeling, on those rocks sublime,
ecalls to her glad soul that deadly dreadful time.

14.

She is a widow, and that only child
Survives a beauteous band who early died,
Like vernal blossoms; to the world's drear wild,
Breathing but parting sweetness. Sorely tried
By earthly woes, but never yet denied
That consolation of the heavenly mind,
By patience, and triumphant hope supplied;
In her lov'd first-born son she joys to find
The husband's, children's love exaltedly combin'd.

15.

Attentively behold her pallid face,
Whence every glowing tint of youth hath fled,
But age and care would vainly them efface.
The eloquence of soul still brightly spread
O'er every feature; though all quench'd and dead
The trembling light of her expressive eyes;
Religion round her hath divinely shed,
Amid the clouds of grief, its rainbow dyes,
Telling of promised peace, and love which never flies.

TWO YOUNG MOTHERS.

"Happy is the man that hath made her his wife;
Happy the child that calleth her mother."

The Œconomy of Human Life.

TWO YOUNG MOTHERS.

I was inattentive at church this afternoon: during the singing after the evening collect, I observed in the next pew to me, two young women, each pressing to her breast a new-born baby. I am very fond of young babies, and could not help peeping into the next pew very frequently. I do love to watch the little quiet features, where the soul just faintly dawns; the eyes, whose bright pupils are surrounded by so blue a white; the eye-brows, hardly shadowed in their soft arches; the tiny arm, so round and soft; the little clutching hands; and the feet, struggling and kicking with unconscious pleasure through the long folded shirts. Even the cap, trimmed with its crimped profusion of lace, the chin-stay (I have just asked the name) of soft cotton rolled loosely

up; and the warm wrapper of fine flannel, bound with white galloon, have charms for me. Young babies certainly are very engaging—their very helplessness makes them so. How often have I tried to waken their smiles, and to make them leap and crow with pleasure: but this is wearying to all but young mothers and old nurses; and yet I am neither the one nor the other. Do I not hear some one say, with a look of superiority, "a *little* like the latter."

The service for churching women began; I soon perceived that the two women next me had attended to be churched; and again I peeped over every now and then, into the next pew—one of them gave up her child to a friend who was with her, and knelt down; the other gazed for an instant at her baby, in that instant her love beamed over her face; pressed it closer to her bosom, and knelt down with it in her arms. I read the artless feeling of the poor woman, and felt how "the Lord preserveth the simple." I seemed to understand all the mother's feelings, during the short, but beautiful service: and what must not a mother feel, when she, thus, "in the Lord's House, pays her vows in the midst of his people," after "the pangs of death have compassed her round, and the pains of hell got

hold upon her." Neither of the women, I suppose from weakness, had knelt before the commencement of this service: when it was finished, one of them resumed her seat, but the other had forgotten fatigue—her heart seemed engrossed only by God, and the "gift and heritage" which He had given her; still hanging over her infant, she continued kneeling, and rose not till the whole service was concluded; she then looked very faint, and allowed her friend to take her child: at first, when she sate down, she trembled, and the colour forsook her cheeks: she raised her *unfolded* pocket handkerchief to her temples, but it was not to cool *them*, for she hastily pressed it to her eyes: her friend was dancing the infant: the mother again recovered her calmness; smiled at it, and again received it to her arms. I observed her unpinning her neat muslin neck handkerchief; ere she could lift up her red cloak, I had withdrawn my eyes.

MARGARET.

" At my side,
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation, with its strange,
And extreme silentness."

Coleridge.

MARGARET.

MARGARET had arranged every thing after her frugal dinner was finished, and she sat down to her work at her cottage window. She had worked some time, when her little girl, who was then playing near her, asked her to walk out. "Wait a little while, my love," said Margaret; "wait till I have finished my work, and we will go." The little girl was shortly repaid for the patience with which she sat down near her mother, quietly waiting till she was ready. They were soon on the smooth sea shore. It was a clear, calm afternoon in October; the clouds, which had rendered the morning wet and gloomy, had passed away, and the sun shone brightly on the gently agitated waves, which bore every now and then to the sparkling pebbly shore, (and left there frequently,) their fringe of surf and sea

weeds. They lingered long by the sea side, for Margaret thought there was a distant chance of her husband's boat returning earlier than usual. "My father will not come yet, mother," said her little girl, "if you are looking so for him."—"No, he will not, my dear," answered Margaret, who had stood, forgetful of every thing else, gazing on the sea, "we will go home." They returned, and Margaret sat again with her work by the open window, singing cheerfully to her child. At last, she found that her eyes became a little wearied, and the light was growing dim; on looking out of the window, she perceived that the sun was sinking into the western waves: no little snowy sail, however, appeared in the distance; she put her child to bed: she left the bed-room door partly open, and sang very softly; the smiling child soon fell asleep, hearing only, for a short time, her mother's sweet voice. Margaret ceased singing, for it became darker. The sun had quite set, and a long broken line of crimson light alone blended with the dark lead-coloured ocean; the same hue melted into the dusky sky. It grew darker and darker: Margaret leant her whole head out of the window, and strained her sight, but she could now see nothing. Turning

her head partly round, she listened, but even the faint breeze, which had curled the waves so slightly, had died away; the dull sullen dash of the heavy billows, as they fell upon the shore, was alone heard by her. "What a delightful evening," said the affectionate wife, as she saw the bright beacon flame sparkle into light: "Oh, he will soon be home." She shut the window, stirred the dull embers of her fire, and put on a fresh pile of turf; she lit her candle, and placed it on the window, that the light might assist the blazing fire to illumine the room. She always lighted her cottage windows, to make them a beacon to her husband.—Margaret sat down again, and began to grow a little anxious; there were many books lying on the table, but, though one she had been reading was still open, she felt that she could not, hardly dared, open any book, but the bible; she opened it hastily and gladly: almost angry with herself for having thought of reading any other. She opened the book at the second chapter of Jeremiah, and her eye wandered over the page, till it rested on the 25th verse. "Yet thou sayest, because I am innocent, surely his anger will turn from me; behold, I will plead with thee, because thou sayest, I have not sinned." She stopped, and sighed

deeply; for she remembered that she had, but a few days before, felt a sort of false pride and confidence in herself, because, in recalling her past life, she did not remember having committed any crime. "I had forgotten," she said to herself, "I had quite forgotten how often I had been ungrateful to God; how often I have been unjust to my neighbour, and ill-tempered; and how far I have fallen short of the divine example, my Saviour has given me."

She continued sad and thoughtful, regarding nothing, till, as the abstraction of her mind slowly dissipated, she was roused by the unwearied clicking of the clock, which, with that faint noise, we are unable to account for, in a dying fire, alone broke upon the perfect stillness of every thing around her; her eyes had been unconsciously fixed on the dial; she had only now noticed the lateness of the hour, and starting up, she again made up the fire, and opened the window. The beacon no longer twinkled brightly, she saw only a dull red spot, which grew gradually fainter, and at last entirely vanished. Snatching up the candle, she went out, but a lurid halo encircled its flame, as she held it over her head and looked around; a deep fog was becoming thicker, she could hardly distinguish

the blaze which brightened her cottage windows: slowly and sadly she returned, listening as she walked back; but no voice, no step, was heard. Many, many fears rushed over her mind; and no hope, that she could be of any use to her husband, came with those fears: in a storm, she could have depended that the beacon might be seen; she could now do nothing; her cottage could not be left with her unprotected child; and with the fear of not being able to return through the fog, she could not carry out her child with her, when, even to guide her own steps would be a task of difficulty and danger. The surges sounded more faintly, and she remembered that the tide was going out, and that the rocks near the shore, at low tide, presented dangers she dreaded to think of. "Oh! he will perish," she cried, "and I can do nothing.—Nothing?" she added, as she looked at the open Bible. "Oh, yes," she said, "there is one, who is a present help in time of trouble," in an instant, she recollected her superstition in consulting the word of God before, as a mere book of fate. "Ought I," said she, "when reading this book, to have doubted? What is the proof of my religion, my faith in God's goodness, when I thus allow my hopes to die away? Does it not

say, 'commune with your own heart, and be still?' 'Be not afraid, only believe.'—I do, I do believe," she said, and calmly knelt down. She prayed long and fervently, and, on rising up, felt her mind composed and prepared, gently repeating to herself, "only believe." Taking the candle, she entered her child's room: she gazed at its little smiling lips, the eyes just shining through their long dark eyelashes; and the rosy cheek, which pressed the swelling pillow beneath it; and was quite happy. Margaret was still looking at her sleeping child, when a voice was heard at the cottage door: it spoke again: she could not mistake the tones, and, weeping with joy, she was soon encircled by the arms of her smiling husband.

A SKETCH,

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

T

" Thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solac'd me,
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes."

Cowper, to his Mother's Picture.

A SKETCH,

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

IN THE DULWICH GALLERY.

What, in the dim and melancholy gloom
Of this lone chamber, meets my anxious gaze?
I see a tender mother, whose fond arms
Enfold an infant, on whose wasted cheek
The rose of health seems dying. O'er his brow
The delicate blue veins are seen to throb
In languid agony. Its burning heat
Still unallay'd, although, with gentlest touch,
His mother's cool white fingers clasp his brow.
The drooping eye-lids heavily hang down,
But not with slumber, in that torpid doze,
Reposing never. Ah! how powerless
His pale hand falls—yet every feature smiles
With gentlest patience, which incessant pain
Would vainly banish.—In the mother's look

How many feelings mingle! I can see
That hope, and firm believing piety,
With agonizing doubt, have struggled long;
Hard was the conflict, but they overcame;
And a mild trembling confidence in God,
The God of the afflicted, brightens there.
Whose is the shadowy form which dimly lurks
In the dark chamber's far obscurity?
'Tis stealing hither. Ah! I know thee now:
Terrific sovereign! wer't thou then so near?
Must the sweet infant leave that fond embrace
For thy chill circling arms? Breathing corruption,
Must thy foul festering lips be given
For the pure kisses of maternal love?
Nearer, and nearer still, thy deadly shaft
Aimed at th' unconscious infant's naked breast—
Canst thou not see? Dost thou not feel, sad mother?
Death, Death is near thee, and thy tender child
Is all unshielded from his fatal dart.
How canst thou sit unmov'd, unshrinking there,
As stupified with woe? * * *
* * * * What, senseless still!
* * * * * * *
He lives—he lives—an angel guards the child;
An angel interposes, shining forth

From the deep shadowy darkness. Thou art
bless'd,
Believing parent, that didst calmly wait
The present help in time of wretchedness.
Thy chast'ning Heavenly Father hath beheld
Thy soul's sweet patience, and thy humble
prayer
Accepted with divine beneficence:
Thine enemy confounded, skulks away:
Thy child revives; to every branching vein.
Reanimating health again returns.
Sleep is, to him, refreshing slumber now;
Awaking now, he gaily smiles upon thee.
His small cool hand, now rais'd and lock'd in
thine,
Returns thy gentle pressure: soon again
The mask of sickness falling, will display,
Instead of languid eyes, and locks that cling
In spare disorder round the damp pale brow,
Bright laughing glances, breaking wildly forth
From glossy clusters of thick sunny hair.
As, by the moon attracted, ocean tides,
Returning flood the dreary waste of sand,
And life and beauty gradually revive—
The ebbing tides of health thus readily
Obey celestial influence, and bring
Back to the wasted frame, declining life.

* * * * * * *

Perchance, in thy last agitated hour,
That duteous son may tenderly sustain
Thy dying form, and whisper blessings to thee
In the last gentle struggle with thy form,
So youthful now, so worn and feeble then:
And thou wilt grieve less poignantly, to part
With earthly bondage, wasted, and decay'd
In mortal faculties, but better fitted
For pure, unfading happiness in Heaven.

THE BROTHERS.

"While I tread
The path of duty, I am following him."

Milman.

THE BROTHERS.

It was a cold, gloomy day, and the rain fell fast; yet Arthur Western remained leaning against the wall, in one of those narrow dark allies near Newgate: the large plashing eaves' drops fell on his shoulder, till they soaked into his sleeve; still he did not stir; he felt his eye-balls expanded, and his throat parched; he could scarcely think, for a dead weight seemed pressed upon all his mental faculties. Arthur did not long remain in that gloomy attitude, for a ray of thought darted into the darkness of his mind; he still, however, stood meditating on the idea which had presented itself to him: at last, he decided; and walked quickly away. "No time

must be lost," he said to himself as he hurried through the streets; but every one who has hurried through the streets of the city, finds that the throng seem all to be impeding his course: he soon reached the house of the friend he was desirous of seeing. "You cannot see Mr. Merton yet, sir," said the clerk to whom Arthur spoke, "but if you wait a few minutes, he will be disengaged." The few minutes proved more than an hour, and Arthur did not regret it, for he had more time to think over the resolution he had taken; and the wildness and heat of his appearance passed off. His looks were as calm as the tone in which he spoke, when he told Mr. Merton his intention of going to New South Wales. "Are you mad," he replied, "pray tell me why? what can induce you to give up your prospects? who has put this into your head, for I am sure you had not thought of this rash scheme when you left me yesterday? You are not apt to act hastily, or like a mere romantic boy."—"My dear sir," said Arthur, "I am quite resolved; and no one has put this into my head: I have not consulted any one, but I have been to take leave of my poor brother; I had left him as one for whom I could only pray in future, and I never felt so miserable in my life:

I knew not to what dangers he might be exposed, where every thing like self-respect would be destroyed; where he might be led away by the wretches who would be with him; and where he might be indeed lost to us, and to Heaven for ever."—"But what will all the world say? who ever heard of such a step? it may be all very fine in theory, but it will never do; trust me, young man, it will never do. I know a little more of life than you do, and I'm sick of romance. I am very sorry for your brother, but he has disgraced you, and he is not worth thinking of; he has got into the scrape, and he must get out as he can. I can't see why all your prospects in life are to be destroyed by his villany. He is good for nothing."—"Sir," said Arthur very gravely, "I did not call on you to hear my poor brother abused: I must request, nay, sir, I must insist, on your not speaking thus of him in my presence, I well see how friendless he is, and I will certainly not forsake him." "But your mother and sisters, so you can leave them unprotected, and my daughter too, sir; consider, sir, her attachment for you: remember my conversation with you last night, when I assured you, that the disgrace which has fallen on your family should not make me, in any way,

oppose her union with you. If you please, Mr. Arthur, consider us, set *us* against a person who is sentenced for a capital crime. Come, come, Arthur, my fine fellow, you are not apt to act thus wildly, you see the reason of what I have said. Ah, I'm glad to see you are coming over to my opinion!" Arthur's face was bent towards the ground. Mr. Merton thought he looked irresolute. "Well, Arthur, you agree with me, eh?"—"No, sir, I am still of the same opinion."—"Then, sir, give up my daughter, for I will never consent to her marrying a hair-brained fellow like you."—"I cannot give up Miss Merton, sir, till she has refused me."—"Well, sir, follow me into the house, and you shall hear Miss Merton refuse you; she *shall* refuse you, if you persist in this plan."—Arthur followed Mr. Merton. As they drew near the breakfast room, they heard the sound of childish laughter; they entered the room before Ellen heard them approach, or before she could rise from a low stool on which she was sitting, in the midst of a merry circle of children, all laughing and talking to her at once. One little girl was lying with her head in the lap of her gentle friend, and looking up in her face; her hands were clasped round Ellen's neck, for the child

had pulled down her head to whisper her. A glance at her father's countenance told Ellen, that something had displeased him; she rose blushing, and rang the bell, that the children might be taken away; she then led them out, and sate down near her mother, who was working at one end of the room. In an overbearing manner, Mr. Merton informed his wife and daughter of all that had passed between himself and Arthur: he concluded with insisting, that his daughter should be guided by him. "I would rather not give any opinion, my dear father," said Ellen, mildly, "I would always wish to please you, I could not think of dictating to you or to Arthur." "But I wish for an answer: p'shaw, child, don't you love him? would you consent to give him up for ever?" Ellen looked on Arthur with an expression of eloquent melancholy tenderness, and her eyes filled with tears. "Would you," continued her father, "allow him to leave you, and go after a worthless brother? do you think he can love you really?" Ellen took out her handkerchief and wiped away her tears, but was still silent. "Answer, child; I want your opinion; I desire you to answer." "Then, father," she said, and she fondly took his hand, "I think we ought rather to ap-

plaud Arthur; I think it is my duty to encourage him to persevere in this good work, and not to weaken by my thoughtless selfishness the firmness which he possesses. Consider, dear, dear father, what he is giving up, perhaps he may displease his powerful friends; he leaves a mother and sisters who love him very, very much; and he leaves one, whom to leave, will, I think, be a trial, and who is not ashamed to say how very dear he is to her. I know he loves me," she added, blushing deeply, "but I shall value his love infinitely more, if he proves that it can never lead him to neglect his duties. I think Arthur ought to go," she said, looking round with a smile of timid confidence; "God will support us both, and, if it be His good will, will unite us together before many years have passed. Dear mother, do tell me if you approve of what I have said." "I will only say one thing," replied her mother, "I request your father, as an old and dear counsellor of his, to think more before he gives a farther opinion. We all know how kind and affectionate he has ever been." Mr. Merton was softened by his wife's manner, and by the expression on the countenances of Arthur and his daughter, who seemed (even if they knew that he was coming round to

their opinion) not to feel any thing like the shadow of a triumph over his judgment. Mrs. Merton left the room, and her husband accompanied her; Arthur and Ellen gazed on each other in silence for some time. "I knew my Ellen would understand me," he said at length, "*you* never mistake me; the more I see of you, the more I feel convinced how happy we shall be together; your sentiments are so much what I admire; it is, though, a sad thing to part, when I daily discover some proof that we are better suited for each other, for we both aim at the same high goal, however distant *I* may be from it." Ellen had great difficulty in restraining the tender grief which rushed over her heart at this interview; but she betrayed nothing, though her large dark eyes often filled with tears, and her hand trembled frequently. When Ellen retired to her own room, she allowed herself to give way to her overpowering grief, and, for a long, long time, she could not recover herself; at last, however, she felt relieved; she sat leaning over her bible, but could not read, for her tears continued flowing. "Oh," she said, "I am a poor weak creature, how little Arthur supposes that I thus give way to sorrow; no one knows my weakness but my God, and no one

can relieve and support me but He." Who does not know the restless agony which possesses the human heart after a very trying separation, which would, but cannot, be comforted? This anguish will pass away, will be relieved, but in the most resigned heart, it is ever long and deeply felt.

Ellen did not see Arthur again. He had taken leave of her, and set off to see his mother and sisters also, before his departure. He travelled all night, and had to walk three miles to his native village. Every step awakened some painful remembrance; for he was passing through scenes where he had lived from his childhood in joy and peace with his brother, then happy in the careless innocence of youth: every thing looked as it was wont in those happy days, but every feeling of his heart was mournful. Being unwilling to pass through the village, Arthur turned down a dark sandy lane, half shadowed by large weeping beech trees. At the end of it, sloped away a deep valley, from one side of which a winding path led, by the side of a clear and broad stream, to a steep hill: on one side of this hill stood the cottage in which Mrs. Western resided. Arthur stopped, for all these objects interested him. The river was

flowing on just as usual below, where he had so often bathed with his brother; he looked up, and he found that he was standing beneath a tree, on whose branches they had often climbed together; a bower which they had formed there, still retained something of its shape, though many of the boughs had started back: there was something in this that resembled the former and present habits and intimacy of the brothers with each other; they had both once grown and twined together, and, though many a branch had started back and separated, they were still marked by a similarity of character, and joined in a union which could not easily be altered. As Arthur looked up into the tree, he felt all this: he could not bear the feeling just then; and he hastened to the house. The shutters were partly closed in his mother's bed-room windows, and he saw the dull red light of the rushlight, which had burnt during the night in the sick chamber, vainly struggling with the bright clear day-light. The room all at once became dark, and one of the shutters was moved. Arthur retreated quickly behind a shrub, and observed the shutter quite unclosed, and then the window opened by his sister's hand; her countenance looked very sad as she stood for some time at the window;

but he was sure that his mother spoke to her, for in a moment a smile came over her face, and opening her lips, as if to answer, she left the window. Arthur was debating, how he could make his arrival known, without causing any dangerous consequences from the surprise to his mother, when the door unclosed, and Mary Western stole softly out. Arthur would not speak to her so near his mother's open window, but her eyes were turned towards the path which he had just descended; he looked round, and guessed that she was expecting some one, for he observed her run towards the village: he followed her, and joined her just as his sister Laura appeared in sight. "I don't regret not finding a letter at the post office: my dear mother will not be disappointed now," said Laura, as she flung herself weeping into her brother's arms. "Oh, tell us every thing," said the sisters anxiously; "or now," said Mary, "tell us nothing but that *he* (she did not say Lawrence) is well and penitent." "He is well; I have much to tell you," replied Arthur, "but now hasten, my sweet sisters, to prepare my mother to receive me." "It is very trying to leave them," said Arthur, as they disappeared together. Any one must have felt it trying to leave two such

gentle creatures, who loved him as Mary and Laura loved their brother.

There was about the character of Arthur's mother a sort of spiritual elevation, which religion had given her, and which made her bear up under the severest strokes of affliction more than calmly; she was the most gentle, the most feminine being in appearance and manner, but her conduct in misfortune, at once brought this conviction full upon the mind, that her hope was founded on a rock. She never looked for comfort but to her God, she drank at once at the fountain head: she had learned not only to 'commune with her own heart and be still;' but the eye of her mind seemed ever gazing upwards: she reminded one of the character of the lady to whom Milton has written that beautiful sonnet, in which he says:

"Lady, that * * * * * *
Wisely hath shunn'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the hill of heavenly truth.
The better part with Mary and with Ruth
Chosen thou hast.
* * * * * * * *
Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends

To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame."

Mrs. Western had been long in delicate health; the conduct of her son, Lawrence, made her suffer still more; she became dangerously ill, and was slowly recovering, when Arthur arrived; but, though her bodily strength had so nearly given way, her soul had never sunk within her: during the whole of her long illness she had not once murmured; she had been perfectly resigned; she "prayed in spirit and in truth;" and she ever prayed "for the full assurance of hope." When she was told, for no one ever concealed the truth from her, lest she should not be able to bear it, of her son's guilt, she had retired instantly to her room; and when her daughters left her that night, she said, "I shall go to London to-morrow:" they found her too ill to rise the next morning; since then she had again resolved to go to her son, but her physician had positively forbidden her, and she quietly obeyed him: though apparently sinking beneath the blow, she never betrayed that torpid timidity of character, which makes every one dread to communicate to the sufferer a surprise of sorrow, lest the burden should prove too great. She

seemed ever prepared for, ever expecting, the worst; but with no feverish expectation. What passed *to her* as a sorrow, instantly became, *with her*, a hope; the thorns which were with others without even a leaf to cool and shade the head round which they twined, on her brow budded into roses. When they told her that her son's life was spared, she looked down at the Bible she had just been reading, and wept; her daughters saw that she looked on a page which had often been open before her,—it was the part where Eli, on hearing that the Almighty would punish his wicked sons, exclaims: "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." How did this mother receive the intelligence, that Arthur had determined to accompany his brother in his banishment! She looked at her son with an expression of perfect joy. "I had hoped, I had dared to hope," she exclaimed fervently, "that in you I should not be disappointed. I am repaid for all my sufferings. I have no fears," she continued, after a long pause. "He who hath blessed me in you, will guide you in safety through every danger: I have no fears that your future prospects, even in this life, will be injured by the conduct you are about to pursue: Our Father, to whom we are committing

you, will, in his good time, give you an abundance of more than your heart can desire. His strength, and his peace, and his blessing, will go with you. You have given me new spirits. I am consoled for all the misery of my poor guilty Lawrence. God will make his brother the means of his salvation. Let me bless you," she said, as she flung her arm round him. "Let me bless you again," she added, "for your brother I bestow the latter blessing. Oh, how happy am I in this, to imitate the Lord, and bless my penitent child, in you who are the means by which God will bless him." Arthur had seldom been praised by his mother, and he now treasured up her praises, as others treasure up their most valuable baubles. Often and often did he recal her words, and in distress and danger they acted like a talisman of hope and encouragement to his soul.

The day before Arthur's arrival, his mother had been able to leave her chamber for a few hours; but she now seemed to have gained new health, and at an early hour she joined her son in a small parlour on the same floor as her bedroom. A picture of the brothers hung in this apartment, it had been painted just before Lawrence had left home; Arthur shuddered as he

looked at it, for a shade seemed to have passed over the countenance, which was once the brightest and most youthful. When last he had seen Lawrence, the look of simple truth was gone which he beheld in the beautiful portrait before him. Arthur dreaded his mother's remarking it; but when she entered the room, she sat down before the picture, and said, without taking her eyes from it, "I shall love to sit here, and think of my sons, still united as they are *here:* this would have been, I feared, only a picture of memory. Now, now," and she seemed to gaze still more intently on it, "this will be the picture of hope to me."

Arthur had feared, that the last evening he passed with his mother and sisters would have been very melancholy, but it was far otherwise. The whole party had been so long anxious, that any change towards happiness seemed a blessing. It might be still night to them, but the first tints of morning had begun to colour the distance, and a morning star had appeared. Arthur went, before his departure, to the chambers of his mother and sisters, and kneeling there, prayed, that during his absence no evil might come near to hurt them: he pressed his lips to the pillows on which their heads reposed, and

called down upon them the blessings of heavenly peace. Arthur had seldom left home without thus gliding into his mother's chamber, and praying for her there; and she little knew, when she afterwards knelt alone, praying for support to bear the loss of her dear child, that he had so often and so lately been praying for her in the same place; and she little thought, as she wept that night on her pillow, after the departure of her child, that her tears were falling on the very spot which his lips had pressed; but the Almighty knew it, and the sweet peaceful sleep that stole her away from weeping, and the feelings with which she awoke the next morning, were made to her, by his consoling grace, even more delightful than the knowledge of those proofs of her son's affection would have been.

Not wishing to be recognized by his brother, Arthur embarked in the evening, at Portsmouth. He took his passage as a farmer, about to settle at New South Wales, and therefore carried with him a small stock of seeds and farming implements. In every thing concerning his own personal convenience, he incurred the least possible expense.

Ellen had become acquainted with a young clergyman who was going out as chaplain to New South Wales, and she entrusted him with

a packet for Arthur. Mr. Russel and Arthur, she had learnt, were to sail in the same ship; and when Arthur came on board, he was delighted to receive this packet from the chaplain: it contained a very long letter, a miniature of Ellen, and a small sum of ready money. Arthur judged as a truly delicate mind would, in such a situation, and without hesitation accepted the latter: the letter and the miniature, (although it was painted during Ellen's childhood,) seemed to him invaluable. In Mr. Russel, Arthur found a companion whose society was really worth cultivating; and whom he could make his friend: he confided the history of his brother to one, who declared and proved his willingness to assist him in all his schemes to reclaim Lawrence.

The first time that Arthur beheld his brother was, when prayers were read, and the prisoners called on deck to attend the service; he walked behind every one else, and never raised his eyes, while the other prisoners were gazing round with idle curiosity. Arthur had endeavoured to disguise his appearance, but he needed scarcely to have done so, for Lawrence was regardless of every thing but his own degraded situation; the deepest blushes passed over his pale coun-

tenance, and at last he covered his eyes with his hands. Another Sunday arrived: again the wretched Lawrence appeared last, and Arthur feared that he would be again as regardless of the holy service as he was, apparently, before. Mr. Russel had chosen for his text the following verse of the 39th Psalm, "Spare me a little that I may recover my strength, ere I go hence, and be no more seen." All at once, Arthur observed Lawrence raise his head, and listen with profound attention to the sermon: his countenance assumed an expression which it had worn in earlier times, the fine colour which had so long vanished, seemed to flit over his hollow cheek, the light of youthful hope came back into his eyes. Mr. Russel spoke of the joy which the return of the prodigal son would cause to his Heavenly Father, he just touched upon the feelings of the earthly parents on such a return, he said something of a widowed mother: Lawrence hung on his words; and though the tears rained from his eyes, and though his sobs caused many to turn round, he did not notice them: he was only thinking of his offended God, and of his afflicted mother; and he was for the first time thinking that he might be forgiven, and received by both. Then, how did Arthur feel? Oh! that he would have given

worlds to rush forward and fling his arms round his brother, and assure him that he might be forgiven by his God; that he was forgiven by his mother: but he restrained himself: the time was not yet come: it was not enough that his brother's heart should be touched for a moment: it was necessary to see, if his sorrow and his hopes produced an active and practical repentance. Arthur placed himself near his brother on the following Sunday: his whole appearance was changed, he was calm, and attentive to the service. It was the eighth day of the month, and consequently the morning Psalms commenced with the thirty-eighth Psalm. Lawrence looked wishfully round, for he had no prayer book: Arthur was reading in one which his brother had never seen; and, writing in it hastily with his pencil, "Do not return this book," he put it into the hands of Lawrence, and looked over that of the person who stood next to him; but often and often did he turn with a side-long glance to watch his brother's countenance: at the end of the thirty-ninth Psalm the verse occurred, on which Mr. Russel had preached the Sunday before: Arthur beheld tears falling again from the eyes of his brother, but they fell upon the book which *he* had given to his *repentant* brother, and that book was the *Book*

of Prayer. At the conclusion of the service, Lawrence looked round to thank the person who had given him the prayer book; but Arthur had quitted the deck.

Anxiously did Arthur now look forward to the time when he should make himself known to his brother; but on all accounts he judged it better to wait till their arrival at Port Jackson. The voyage was nearly concluded, when Arthur was one night awakened by a man who entered to put up the dead lights in his cabin; and who told him that the ship was in great danger. In a few minutes, Arthur was one of the foremost in endeavouring to save her; he went about every where, encouraging the sailors and assisting them: he had been for some time employed in helping, with many of the prisoners, to clear down part of the rigging; and had sought among those prisoners, vainly, for his brother; he had spoken to them all, but his brother's voice had not answered him. The storm increased, and he was rushing towards the quarter of the ship where the prisoners had been confined, that he might embrace his brother, perhaps, for the last time, in this world, when he beheld a person fall down exhausted beside the pump, at which he had been working: Arthur stopped, he spoke to him, but the man had

fainted; he thought his brother might be lying in his arms, (for he had raised up the poor man,) but the light was so faint that he could not distinguish the features. There was no one near to supply the man's place at the pump; Arthur called loudly, but in vain, for assistance, he knew not whether the man might be dead: he could not bear to leave one who might be his brother; the pump also was neglected, so Arthur laid the man down at his feet, and took his place at the pump. The storm continued to rage violently, and daylight began to break; Arthur looked down, but the poor fellow, though his body was often moved by the violent rocking of the vessel, betrayed no symptoms of life. Arthur bent forward again to gaze on the face, but he could not yet distinguish a feature; he turned away; and while he continued pumping with all his strength, he called up his soul, and strove to prepare it for death, by fixing its every power in deep and fervent prayer. The poor man began to recover slowly, (but Arthur perceived it not,) he hardly knew where he was, and gazing round, he saw, yet hardly noticed him, that a person was standing at the pump: he lay in a sort of dreaming wakefulness, gazing at the person above him: by degrees the light increased,

and he saw (for Arthur had thrown off part of the dress which he had worn as a disguise, that he might be enabled to exert himself better) some one near him, of whose countenance he had a confused recollection; he looked again, and beheld a glance earnestly fixed on him: with a cry of joy, he sprang up, but would have fallen, had not his brother caught him in his arms; he fell again, but he fell weeping upon his brother's shoulder. Arthur could not speak; he only looked at his brother, who hung round him with the affection of a child: he recollected the danger of the ship; and fondly clasping Lawrence with one arm, he continued to pump with the other: he was uncommonly strong; but his powerful arm was beginning to fail, though Lawrence had quitted his support, when Mr. Russel came to them. He saw the situation of the brothers, and said to Arthur, "I will be useful in your place if you will allow me, go to your brother, for I see that your long wished for meeting has taken place, and even in this hour of danger and death, such a meeting must be very joyful." Arthur pressed the hand of his friend, and looked his thanks, as he again flung himself into his brother's arms. For a short time they gave way to their overflowing feelings. Suddenly the whole ship struck

violently, with a thundering crash, and a loud cry of horror burst from the crew. Every one rushed on deck; the storm had nearly ceased; and the violence of the waves was gradually subsiding; the brothers looked round them; but though on one side, the clouds had cleared away, and the rich amber of a morning sky rose in spreading lustre above the waves, which reflected the colour, and sparkled as if laughing at so brilliant a change, yet the horizon on the other side was still veiled by deep and dusky mists. The crew would fain have remained on board till they had seen the whole horizon cloudless; but the ship was fast filling with water, and the rest of the crew had already seized the long boat; the hope of life seemed to inspire many with a horrid selfishness. Arthur, his brother, and Mr. Russel, advised and entreated to no purpose; a desire of individual safety alone occupied the greatest part of the crew, order was banished at once, every countenance glared with a savage distrust, some were fighting, most of them cursing each other. The prisoners had been all released, and their unruly conduct increased the general confusion. After a continued scene of disturbance for some time, almost every one had left the ship; every boat

had put off half sinking with its freight. The Captain, Mr. Russel, Arthur, Lawrence, six prisoners, and two sailors, alone remained. These waited in momentary expectation of the vessel's going down.—There was a dreary pause: the clouds had again gathered round the whole horizon: the boats were no longer to be seen, and the rain fell fast, still the air was *mild* and calm. One of the prisoners, a woman, called out, "What can we do? is there no hope of our being saved?" "There is but one hope," said Arthur, who was near her, "*we* can do nothing, but let us not forget, that God can do every thing, let us trust in him." "And let us pray to him," said Mr. Russel. "Come, together let us all kneel before him: he has said, 'where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.' 'The floods lift up their waves. The waves of the sea are mighty, and rage horribly, but yet the Lord who dwelleth on high is mightier.'"*

The brothers, still clasping each other, were resigned to death: every one was become nearly resigned, when a voice cried out, "Blessed be God, our prayers are heard:" they looked round, and beheld a young woman kneeling at some

* Psalm xciii. 4, 5.

distance from them, folding an infant to her bosom. "Look," she exclaimed, "the clouds are passing away:" the clouds were indeed passing away, and the sun shone brightly (though the soft rain was still falling) on what appeared to be a small island at a very short distance, one green valley winding in between the dark rocks which towered above the shore, and, like a field of paradise, seemed to have sprung up amid the horrors of death, and to invite them all to its home of safety. "Oh Lord, we bless Thee, we thank Thee," exclaimed the clergyman, as they sprang up.

What was the surprise of every one, to discover that the water had ceased to flow into the vessel. The tide was fast going down: the rock on which the ship had struck was insulated, and under water even at low tide; but within a hundred yards of the ship, a reef of rocks extending nearly to the island, gradually emerged from the ocean. All at once the clouds cleared entirely away, and with joyful hope every one rose up to fresh and successful exertions: long before the tide had again risen, a large raft was constructed from the timber of the vessel; all that could be collected of the ship's stores was placed on it, with whatever else appeared necessary, and

could be easily removed.—The reef of rocks had nearly disappeared again, and the vessel was again filling with water, as the tide returned, when the raft and its happy crew floated away.

Hardly a wave broke the calm surface of the clear green waters, and in a short time the tide bore them safely to the island. "My dear companions," said Mr. Russel, as soon as all the freight of their raft was brought on shore, "let us not forget the God who has thus miraculously saved us." "We prayed to him, together, when we had no hope, but in His Providence: now let us fall down in humble gratitude to thank Him; and to ask, that He will still continue to watch over us, and protect us." They did kneel, and some hearts which had been but slightly touched before, now seemed to catch from their young priest the feelings that breathed themselves forth in the language of his rapturous devotion.

The island on which the company had landed, was one of those which form a sort of communicating chain from Van Diemen's Land to New Holland. They found no inhabitants on it, and no traces of that part of the crew which had before left the vessel. The boats had indeed appeared to take a different direction, and they

hoped that their companions had landed on one of the islands still nearer to New Holland.

A tent was formed in a sheltered part of the valley with some sail cloth which had been brought on shore, and in it the crew took up their abode: they discovered, from a chart which was found by the captain, that they were within a short distance of the island of Van Diemen's Land, and thither they determined, as soon as they could construct a boat, to direct their course. From the ship, which continued for many days in the same situation, they collected every thing necessary for their purpose; and it was not long before, by their joint assistance, a tolerably commodious boat was constructed.

At daybreak, one beautiful morning, the small party again committed themselves, in an open boat, to the mercy of Him who had already preserved them on the dangerous ocean: every thing seemed to favour their undertaking, and they arrived safely at Van Diemen's Land. From thence, after remaining there some time, they proceeded to Port Jackson. The prisoners had conducted themselves in the most orderly manner, and had been of great service; so that, when they surrendered themselves, Mr. Russel spoke highly of their uniform good conduct, to the governor; he spoke also of Lawrence;

and after a few days, Arthur was permitted to receive his brother under his own roof, having hired him as a labourer. In one of the most sequestered coves of Port Jackson's Bay, Arthur purchased a cottage: the situation, which had been his chief inducement to take it, had prevented many others from doing so.

The female prisoner, above mentioned, who had first beheld the island on which her companions and herself were saved, was a woman who had been driven by the punishment under which she was suffering, and by the conversation of Mr. Russel, to think very seriously of her former life. Her crime had been the same as that which Lawrence had committed, and, on hearing her history, Arthur had become much interested in her situation. She discovered this, and she was grateful for it.

"If you should want a female servant," said Mr. Russel one morning to Arthur, "you will be doing a real service in hiring a person who has been asking me to beg that you will take her as your servant." "I had thought to do without a servant," replied Arthur, "but my brother has lately seemed very unwell, and the attentions of a female may add greatly to his comforts. I will therefore engage her, since she is recommended by you."

Lawrence was in fact very ill, though he had concealed his illness for some time from his brother: in one of his visits to the ship he had fallen and received a hurt, which, though it seemed at first, even to himself, of little consequence, produced serious effects; it was an inward hurt, and the fatigue and anxiety he had since undergone, added to the agitation of his mind for many previous months, had all at length conduced to render his recovery hopeless. As the health of Lawrence declined, the dejection which had at times betrayed itself, notwithstanding his efforts to be almost cheerful, vanished. "I am at last happy," he said to his brother, about a week before his death; "I have been very unhappy at the thought of your remaining here in banishment with me; for I feared, my dear Arthur," said he, with a languid smile, "that you would not have left me; though I should have prevailed on you to do so, by using all my eloquence in pleading against myself; but how can I sufficiently thank my Lord for thus stopping me in the midst of my guilt. You have never known, my dear brother, how I first fell away from virtue. You have never, with your usual delicacy, questioned me on the subject, but I have always intended to tell you. I will, if I am

spared, write a particular account of my residence in London after I left home. Alas! a counting-house is a dangerous place; it was in vain that my dear mother and yourself endeavoured to add strength to my weakness. I did not own this weakness to myself till it was too late; and I did not, with *my* prayers and exertions, assist those of yourself and my mother. I was laughed at by the silly (I fear they were worse than silly,) for my *strange* notions. I *never could* bear to be laughed at. I did not say '*no*' at first steadily to their vanities and vices; and I never said '*no*' afterwards. They told me I was a fine looking fellow: I believed them, and to set off my person, involved myself in expenses I could not discharge. I neglected to pray; I did not dare to pray: but I did dare to continue in my guilty course.—What had seemed at first follies, became sins; I seldom wrote home, and made excuses for not going to see my dear mother, little thinking that I should never see her again. Alas! it was my horrid conduct which caused the illness which prevented her coming to take leave of me. It is my conduct which has nearly taken you, for ever, from the sacred profession that has been your first and warmest choice. I have nearly deprived your Ellen of her husband; and my dear mother and

sister of their best support. Oh, Arthur, Arthur, what a wretch I have been! I will go on; though I cannot bear to mention the profligate set to which I joined myself, and the excesses which I have committed. Oh, Arthur, could you have seen me, your child, as you have loved to call me, the brother whom you have blessed with your pure affection, mingling with the impure in their wretched gaieties: my laugh was the loudest among them; for I could not bear to *think*; I did any thing to banish thought: I went beyond them all in profligacy. I shall never forget one night:—a young man about my own age, who was very dissolute, appeared in deep mourning. Some one asked him the reason, and he did not answer; the wine glass, which he had half raised to his lips, dropped from his hand, and he wept like a child; we all looked shame-faced, and sat silent for some moments: at last, one of the party was beginning to try to be lively, was endeavouring to tell some forced jest; but the young man rose up and silenced him with a look; he gazed steadily round the table, and said, "I will tell you why I am in mourning. Thank you, thank you all," he said, half wildly, "for reminding me of it. I am in mourning for a mother who has died broken hearted: I, her only son, have killed her with my wickedness.

I'll never come near this place again: I'll never come near any of you again." As he spoke, he looked at us all indignantly; he stopped at the door of the room as he was going out, and, turning round, said, in the most solemn manner, "Be warned by me, beware lest you should break a mother's heart; you have time to repent." I thought his eye was fixed on me, as he left the room. Poor fellow! he never held up his head after that night.—The next morning I received a letter from Mary, it had a black seal and I did not dare to open it; I sat with it before me and trembled; at last I opened it hastily; my mother was only unwell, it was her sister that was dead. After all my joy, Arthur, at knowing my fears were unfounded, after so solemn a warning, I again plunged in every excess. I had resolved to reform, but bills were brought me which had often been brought before; I flew to a temporary relief in habits which I could not break, and which had bound me to vice: I became more profligate than ever: at last I was on the very verge of ruin: I had lost all I possessed at one of the lowest gaming houses, and the man who had won every thing, offered me a bundle of bank notes: he did not say much, but I perfectly understood him; I was half drunk when he gave them to me; I

drank more, and passed one of the notes."— Here Arthur clasped his brother's hand affectionately; but Lawrence shrunk away. "Oh leave me," he said very mournfully; "all this reminds me that I am quite unworthy of you." Arthur's only answer was to lean forward and press his brother to his bosom; and as Lawrence hid his face on his brother's shoulder, the latter whispered to him, "*He* whom *we* love was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found." Lawrence no longer turned away from his brother; he tried to draw him nearer, as he threw his arms round him, and said, "Take me nearer to you, my Arthur; I require to feel that I am closer to you, my best brother, my own familiar friend. Can you really, Oh can I doubt that you do, love me? Yes, yes, you still love me." "What then must be his love," said Arthur, "who will not only pardon, but abundantly pardon; whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, whose wonderful power is chiefly declared in showing mercy and pity."

The cottage of Arthur was situated on a small plain, at the summit of a perpendicular hill rising at once from the sea: it was necessary to climb the hills above this plain to enter it, for there was no approach from beneath; most of

the encircling hills also, that rose above it, were abrupt precipices; but one little sloping valley, seemed to follow all the fanciful wanderings of a bright and murmuring stream, widened towards the entrance of the plain; the stream there turned away beneath rocks and hanging woods in silence and shade, winding about in every direction, as if to avoid the precipice over which it at last fell. Lawrence would sit for whole days near this stream, either reading or silently meditating, sometimes he would weep bitterly; but oftener, particularly as his death drew near, he would look up, when his brother approached, and smile. He was very fond of the little child, whose mother had been hired by Arthur as his servant; he would take the infant out with him, and watch her as she lay on the grass at his feet: the child learned to love him for his smiles and gentle ways, and was never so happy as when near him. One morning, he took the child out at an early hour: the day was very sultry, and the weather, with the fatigue of carrying the little girl, made him feel weaker than he had ever been before: he sate down, under a large tree near his favourite stream, with the child in his arms, but he almost instantly fainted: the child fell, but she was not hurt, and only looked up at him and laughed; find-

ing that Lawrence did not notice her, she crept away. He was roused by her cries, and beheld her sinking in the stream. He sprang up and saved her with much difficulty. The stream was not very deep: had Lawrence been in good health, the exertion would have been trifling; it now hastened his death; he had no sooner given the infant to her mother, than he again fainted, and the blood gushed from his mouth and nose. The next morning, Lawrence whispered to his brother, who had sate up with him all night, "Dear Arthur, take me out into the fresh air *once* more, and let me see the child." The mother brought her little girl asleep in her arms: the child woke, and was beginning to cry; when she perceived Lawrence, she stretched out her arms to him, and offered her smiling mouth to be kissed.—Arthur carried out his brother to the lawn before the cottage, and supported him in his arms: Lawrence tried to speak, but he was unable; he repeatedly moved his hand; at last with an effort he pointed to the sky, and then looked at his brother; his look told Arthur all that he would have said; he was perfectly sensible to the last, and he seemed to hear every word of his brother's

prayer, as he lay and gazed up at Arthur's countenance, till death fell upon him like sleep.

The fresh morning air waved the branches of the trees under which the brothers had been lying, and the cool dew fell in a crystal shower over them. The sun rose flaming above the horizon, and its rich trembling rays wantoned through the shade over the pallid countenance of the corpse; it sparkled in the dew drops which hung on the thick hair, and which mingled with the cold drops of death-sweat upon the marble forehead; even the glowing colour of some flowers which grew near in gay luxuriance, were reflected on the countenance, and flitting and varying, as the blossoms were moved by the breeze, they gave a mockery of life to it.—Arthur observed all this, his mind dwelt upon every, the least circumstance which marked out so strongly the contrast of all that seemed young and fresh, and radiant with life, with cold, senseless, haggard death: he was too agonized to weep; but he tried to raise his thoughts to another world, he tried to tear them from the *body* of his brother and to follow his *soul*. "All this must pass away," he, at last, said to himself, "yes, even this sky which re-

treats now from my sight as I gaze into its beautiful depths. Heaven and earth must pass away, but the word of our Heavenly Father will never change. There will be a new Heaven and a new earth, and man alone will be preserved from the general destruction.—'*He* cannot return to me, but I shall go to him.'"

As Arthur stod, the only mourner over the grave of his brother, he wept when the well remembered words were read, "Spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence, and be no more seen." These words were alone engraved on the humble tombstone of Lawrence Western.——

"Whose portraits are these, grandmother?" said a little boy to an old lady, as he stood before a picture of two young men.—"Mother, will you tell me?" he continued, turning round, for the old lady had not answered him.—His grandmother was weeping.—The child thought he had acted wrongly, and looked up to his mother, blushing deeply, and in silence, asking, by a look, what he had done?—"I am not angry with you, Arthur," said the old lady, smiling through her tears; "*you* are not old enough yet to weep for joy. That is the picture of two brothers. The younger brother, whose hair is

so bright and who appears to speak so earnestly that the colour on his cheek deepens as it did in yours, when you came in this morning from running through the snow, was, when only twenty years of age, condemned to leave his country for acting wickedly. The elder brother was then about to become a clergyman; and was engaged to be married to a young lady whom he loved very much; but he gave up his opportunities of becoming rich, and what many considered to be his happiness; and left England with his guilty but penitent brother, to live, almost in poverty, among persons who had been sent out to that distant land, as a punishment for almost every sort of crime." "I am sure I should love that brother," interrupted the child. "I am sure you *do* love him," said the old lady; "He is your father."

THE BOWER OF SLOTH.

A FRAGMENT.

And never through those gardens doth the bee
Her lay of industry unwearied sing,
Nor to the hollow of that ancient tree,
Incessantly her gather'd honey bring;
Framing with patient toil her fragrant waxen
cell;
Where, during wintry storms, securely she mote
dwell.

But there the butterfly doth idly range
O'er blossoms fading with her summer day,
Nor heeds that tempests spoil, that seasons
change,
And mortal pleasures swiftly pass away,
That her now brilliant hues will all polluted lie,
Her fluttering wings be torn, and closed her
gem-like eye.

Near where a stream's dull waters slowly wind
Thro' slimy weeds, and beds of choking sand;
Where long loose woodbine swaths had thickly twin'd,
Once interwoven close with curious hand;
And falling from the elm, which once its tendrils bound,
A vine's rich purple fruit lay trailing on the ground;—

Arose a bank of scentless violets,
By no dark foliage hidden modestly;
But tangled o'er by dusky spider nets,
Emblem of her, who, propping carelessly,
On hot and naked arm, her slightly scornful face,
Lay stretch'd in seeming sleep withouten maiden grace.

The shining waves of her dishevell'd hair
Were partly braided with half wither'd flowers,
Unstrung the pearls upon her bosom fair,
Her silken garments soil'd with summer showers;
Still turn'd she from the sun her dazzled face away,
Which, through the scanty shade, shot down with fiercest ray.

Whom, when my footsteps from her dreamy dose
Did half awake, she shaded for awhile
Her haggard eyes (which scarcely did unclose)
With powerless hand; and then, with feeble smile,
And voice, whose languid lisp retain'd a lingering tone
Of clear and delicate sweetness, whilom it had known,

With feign'd timidity did me implore
To tie a silken band which loosely clung
Around a slender foot, conceal'd before
By the rich wanton folds that o'er it hung.
I could not choose but kneel: just as the little band,
And small, white, quiet, foot were trembling in my hand,

A youthful virgin rais'd me from my knees,
Breathless, and glowing yet with exercise;
Her shadowy hair yet lifted by the breeze,
Her red and eloquent lips unclos'd, her eyes
Sparkling beneath an open brow severely meek,
With pure and modest blushes on her healthy cheek.

FRIENDSHIP.

"Their love was wonderful, the love of soul;
Friendship in them her faithful self confess'd;
No cheating semblance, no restrain'd controul,
Of warring sentiments." Be thus express'd,
When from these mortal bonds our spirits rest,
The record of our holy union here,
Before the glorious God whom we revere,
Have we not deeply fervent prayers address,
(Conscious our home is in a purer sphere)
That by no earthly trials o'er depress,
(Our soul's true friendship by his favour blest)
Together that blest welcome we might hear?
"Your trials now are past, your sins forgiven,
Your faith and constant love approv'd in heaven."

THE FIRST DAY OF DEATH.

Now every hope and fear is past,
And I may weep without restraint;
That gentle voice is hush'd at last,
Which never breath'd the last complaint;
The smile that o'er those features dwelt
In patient sweetness, welcoming
Thy ceaseless pain so deeply felt,
More calmly there is lingering.

Oft when in stillest sleep she doz'd,
I've thought, as now, my love had died;
But then again her eyes unclos'd
On me; and gentle words were sigh'd,
That sunk into my listening soul,—
The fresh bloom, that with health decay'd,
Now back into her face hath stole,
As if to mock my grief and fade.

It cannot be; but when I gaze
On the first loveliness of death:
The lids where still some timid rays
Gleam, as with struggling light beneath:
The waxen cheek now ting'd so slightly;—
The delicate threads, upon her brow,
Of that soft hair seem stirring lightly—
Those lips are surely breathing now.

Ah no! I bend beside thy cheek,
And feel its coldness strike to mine,
Close to thine ear I vainly speak,
And clasp my trembling hand to thine.
My hot tear trickles o'er thy face,
But no faint, gradual movements spread
Waking to life one marble grace.
All tells me coldly, Thou art dead.

Thou! no, my Florence is not here;
Let grave worms feed upon that bloom;
That brow, so delicately clear,
With its blue wandering veins consume;
Let every ring, like palest gold,
Of that fair hair, all dimm'd, decay.
'Tis but the casket we behold,
Our God hath snatch'd the gem away.

THE CAPTIVE LARK.

Sweet bird! it grieves my very heart
To hear thy notes of joyous thrill,
And find thee, here, a prisoner
Against thy will.

A tuft of wither'd grass alone
To recompense the breezy lawn;
A city's foggy atmosphere,
For Phœbus's dawn.

I cannot bear to see thee thrust
Through prison's bars thy crested head,
And hopeless run, from side to side,
With dodging tread.

Thy luxury of song was given
For welkin wide, and dewy heath,
Where Spring leaves on the snow-white thorn
Her blush, and breath.

When Nature sought, with grateful heart,
For all her realm a wing, a voice,
To soar, with matin song, to Heaven,
Thou wert her choice.

The careless breeze, that hovers round,
With nought to chain its wandering,
Alone could match, if thou wert free,
Thy sportive wing.

And shaken by thy heav'nward flight,
When trembling hare-bells weep with dew,
That *voice* of rapture scarce betrays
That *wing* to view.

MIDNIGHT.

"Prosperity conceal'd her brightest rays."

YOUNG.

Calmly thy son, at this still solemn hour,
Recals the trials which our God hath given,
Chastening the soul for the pure joys of heaven.
He murmurs not; for that Benignant Power,
The guiding star when dark'ning sorrows lower,
Still, as all mortal brightness fades away,
With purer lustre lights thy natal day.
The storm, which on the blossom's fragile bloom
Pours its despoiling fury, oft imparts
New vigour to the root; and thus the gloom,
The tempests of affliction, from our hearts
Rending the bloom of folly, may restore
The growth of virtues, which had droop'd before.

March the 11th, 1819,
at Midnight.

SONG.

Sae bright is Lucy's auburn hair,
  Sae bright her een o' blue,
Sae bright her blushes, an' sae fair
  Her bosom's snawie hue;

That when across the yellow sand
  A mermaid saw her pass,
Astonish'd, sadly frae her hand
  She drop't her looking glass.

And when her voice, sae sweetly clear,
  Came floating on the gale,
The mermaid 'gan her tresses tear,
  And pour'd a piteous wail.

The deepest waes are light to mine,
  That mermaid e'er could prove;
On me those bonnie glances shine,
  But never shine wi' love.

ON A PICTURE OF DAVID.

Thou art the conqueror! the foe is slain,
And the first fire of conscious triumph gone;
The mind descends into itself, to gain
The thoughtful judgment of its calmer tone;
The glance of passion which then fiercely shone,
The flying tints which then with deep'ning glow
Shot o'er thy fever'd cheek and throbbing brow,
Have past away; and silently, alone,
Deep searching thought has claim'd thy full soul now,
Strictly reviewing all that thou hast done;
Be thou assur'd!—for He, the Mighty One,
Inspir'd the daring deed: blest youth! thou art
The *one approved after God's own heart.*

ON A PICTURE BY HOPLAND.

How beautiful! with what rich mellow'd light
The rising moon illumes the evening sky,
Dispelling twilight's dim obscurity:
The distant landscape glimmers on the sight,
Veil'd in the floating mists of dewy night;
And in the tranquil pride of majesty,
The glorious city lifts its walls on high,
Temples, and palaces, and shadow'd tombs;
Where nought disturbs the mournful sigh which comes
From hearts half breaking o'er them.—Silently
The deep broad waters flow, where breezes die,
Rippling the surface, and alone betray'd,
Where one long broken line spreads o'er the shade,
With quenchless splendor sparkling restlessly.

MY OWN SENTIMENTS.

Though all the world should bid me tear
  Thy long-lov'd image from my heart;
Though every voice should whisper near,
  That thou and I must ever part;
Fear not; my love can ne'er decline,
My soul still hopes, and prays for thine.

Though guilt should stamp upon thy brow
  Her mark, to part thee from mankind;
Though every one who loves thee now
  Should turn away, and prove unkind;
Fear not; my love can ne'er decline,
My soul still hopes, and prays for thine.

He who would never share thy sin,
  Would share the shame, that sin attending,
And feel a fount of joy within,
  The world's most valued praise transcending;
Fear not; my love can ne'er decline,
My soul still hopes, and prays for thine.

Let faultless hands presume to cast
  The stone which first should lay thee low,
My hand should be the very last,
  Ah, it should never strike the blow.
Fear not; my love can ne'er decline,
My soul still hopes, and prays for thine.

As one who on the ocean's shore
  The shipwreck'd seaman strives to save,
And, 'mid the tempest's wildest roar,
  Still holds his beacon o'er the wave;
Thus shall my true love ne'er decline,
My soul still hopes, and prays for thine.

Thus on destruction's wave worn brink,
  Though guilt and death should round me
    lower,
My foot alone should never shrink,
  My beacon's God's all saving-power.
Fear not; my love can ne'er decline,
My soul still hopes, and prays for thine.

TO MARY —.

Summer advances on her golden car,
And Spring's young graces timidly retire,
With fainting steps before her glance of fire.
The time approaches; I must soon be far
From thee, in long, long absence and alone:
Ah! will my memory live when I am gone?

Say, Mary, wilt thou not too soon forget
The fond associate of thine earlier years,
Who shared with thee the little hopes and fears
Of infancy and youth? Oh! even yet
The mind recals their too long vanish'd bliss,
When will it find again such happiness?

Yet, when you roam through Tilford's sylvan bowers,
And their dear simple loveliness survey,
Think there is one, although so far away,
Who oft for thee has cull'd its sweet wild flowers,

With thee has wander'd by its streams and
groves,
Which, e'en in absence, he more dearly loves.

Yes, Mary, yes, thy thoughts will pass the sea;
And should the mournful gaze of memory look
Upon the pages of this cherish'd book,
Then read these careless lines, and muse on me;
Let hope a moment every fear beguile,
And, with her gentle whispers, wake a transient
smile.

R. I. T.

Oh, ever be our friendship here,
Like fam'd Bethesda's hallow'd well,
Which rose the glorious temple near,
Where God himself had deign'd to dwell;
May nought disturb the tranquil spring,
Nor break the Heaven reflected clear,
Save, like the angel's troubling wing,
To leave its sacred healing there.

A VALLEY

IN SAVOY.

Ah! when did painter's magic pencil trace
Scenes of such gentle loveliness, combin'd
With beautiful and dread magnificence;
Where Art has lent not ev'n her simplest grace,
But Nature lingers in her early beauty,
Like Eve amid the rocks and garden bowers
Of Eden's happy vale, when innocent,
In purity and love, she calmly slept,
And the soul-breathing, godlike countenance
Of Adam, hung over her enamoured:
When shame had never left upon the cheek
Her hot and deep'ning blush, nor dimm'd with tears
The eye so beautiful and bright, nor hung
Her cloud upon the clear majestic brow—

Were memory extinct, a sinless child
Might deem the glorious dawn of nature glow'd
Upon this cloudless sky, the earliest dew
Weigh'd down the fair heads of these tender flowers,
To the first sun, the lovely depths revealing
Of their ambrosial cells; might deem himself
The solitary inmate of the world,
And his light tread, the only footstep trac'd
Upon the printless herbage by mankind.
Mark, how in airy height pre-eminent
The spiral mountains pierce the azure sky;
And how, in dropping lightness fleecy clouds
Around them wreath and sever; from their sides
How many rills of trickling silver steal,
Emerging in white lustre from the gloom
Of the dark pine woods, whose wild branches fringe
The spotless and perpetual snows above.
Mark, how the frolic sunbeams melt among
The cloudy spray of yonder stream, that pours
Its broad unbroken flood into the vale:
In hues of vivid splendour, blending there
The rich and delicate rainbow, or, distinct
With rays of golden light, the mist dividing.
Through fields of emerald verdure rolls along

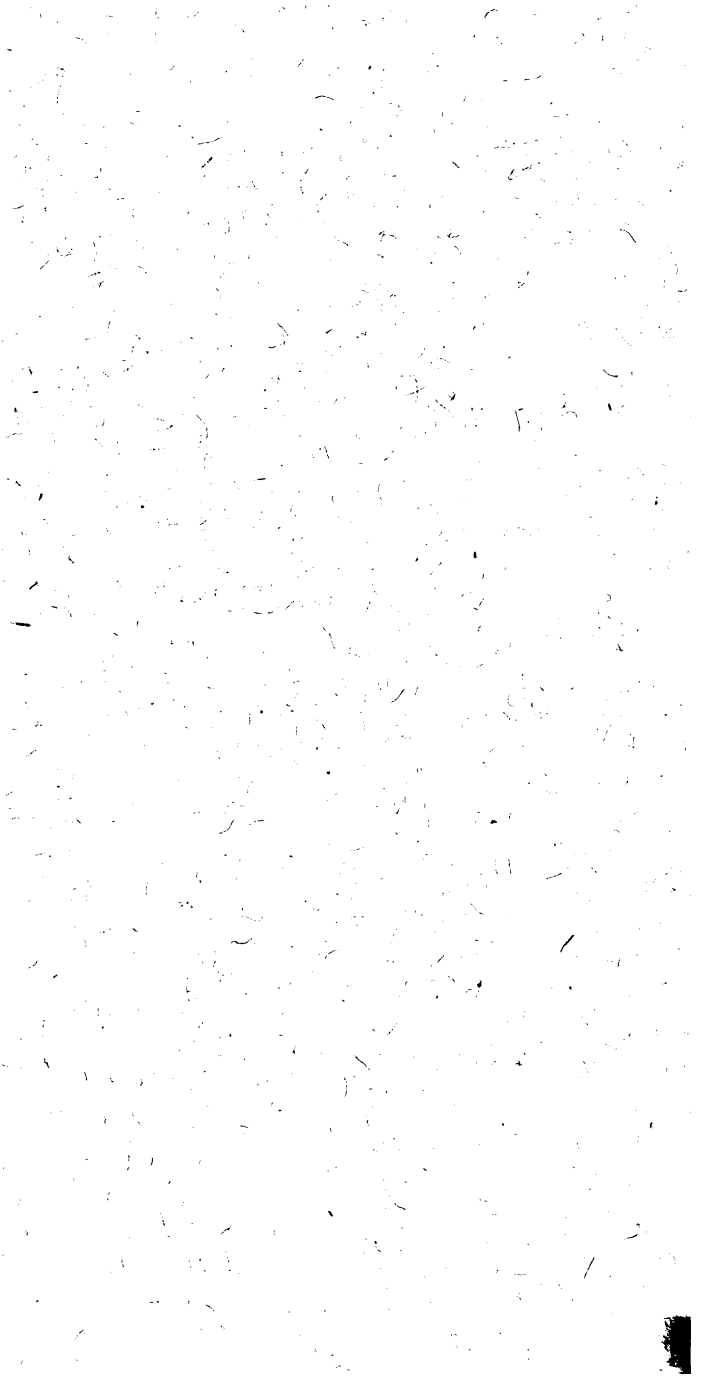
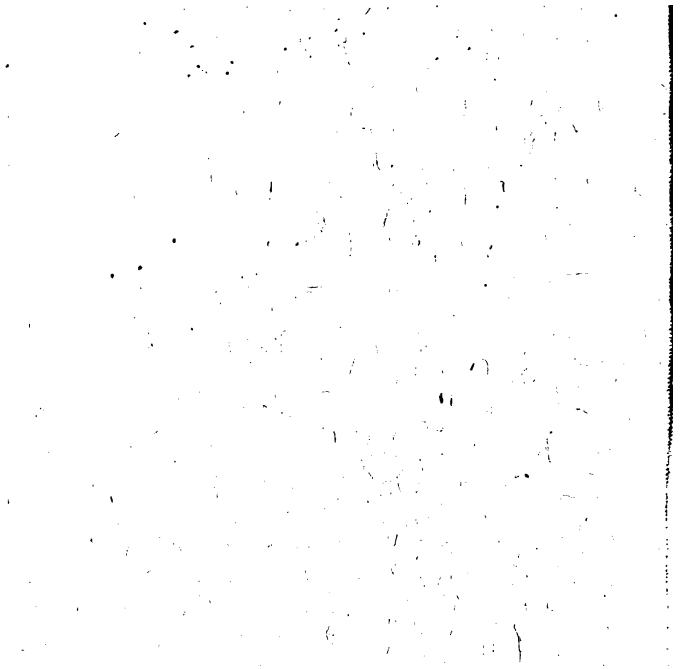
The swift and rushing river, o'er whose banks
Waves many a giant birch its drooping wreaths,
From branches gleaming with a pearl-like lustre.
Here dark green beeches form a grove of shade,
Around whose polish'd trunks the eglantine
Its faintly blushing garlands lightly twines.
Art has not turn'd that lucid rivulet
In mazy windings through the velvet mead.
Here, gushing brightly in a crystal fount,
'Mid scatter'd rocks, o'ergrown with moss and flowers;
Here, smoothly flowing o'er the level green,
With scarce a ripple on its glossy wave.
Art has not group'd the arching shrubs which form
That bower, o'ershaded from the mid-day sun.
Mortality has never wanton'd here,
And left the relics of a short-liv'd reign.
No crumbling columns, no disjointed plinth,
Profusely strew the ground in abject grace,
Where once the palace rear'd its sculptur'd walls,
Or, in their slight and exquisite proportion,
Ionic shafts upheld the marble fane.
Here, to lascivious Gods, the innocent maid
Has never knelt, or rais'd the choral song;

Ne'er cull'd the blossoms of this vale, to waste
Their dying persume on some heathen shrine.
Oh, seek no Dryads in this peaceful shade!
Invoke no Genii of these wondrous scenes!
For here, the numbers of the classic muse,
With all their pomp of fabled imagery,
Would sound less sweetly than the careless wind
Fanning the green leaves, and from every flower
Blending a gale of perfume, as it flies
With its own wildly plaintive melody,
Now, rising louder through the cluster'd trees,
Or dying, as it lingers on the stream,
Which curls and dimples to its fitful breath.
Behold that butterfly, whose roving flight
Has settled on a Daphne's crimson bell,
Opening and closing to the golden light
Its gem-like wings. Then to the monarch Alp,
Rising in peerless majesty above
The loftiest mountains, turn thy wondering gaze.
The God who deck'd that insect's plumy down
With hues so delicate, whose goodness gave
Colour and fragrance to that blushing flower;
He, who in temples, made by mortal hands,
Abideth not; with dread sublimity
Is thron'd upon the pathless mountain tops,
When in their wild tumultuous strife engage
The warring elements; disclosing now
Depths of ethereal flame, now darkly shrouding

With thick and lurid canopy of cloud
The heaven-aspiring heights. He smiles amid
The soft and silver webs, that wreathingly
In fleecy folds hang round their giant sides,
Ting'd by the rose hues which the snows are flooding,
When evening melts into the west away.—
Oh! that in scenes like these, the meanly great,
Whose talents promis'd what their lives belied,
Should e'er have wander'd, and refus'd to join
In grateful eloquence with all around!
Rousseau! Voltaire! wisdom in vain for you
Display'd her stores of thought; in vain bestow'd
Talents to captivate a listening world;
Imperfect all without the guiding light
Of humble piety. Rousseau, couldst thou
Borrow from nature all her loveliest hues,
And imitate her simple elegance,
Dipping thy pencil in the beams of Heaven,
To clothe and colour with ethereal beauty
The gross distemper'd images of sin?
Couldst thou, Voltaire, whose gifted genius shone
Brilliant alike on every varied theme,
Pour the cold lustre of thy heartless wit,
To lure unheeding man to death eternal?

So the pale moonbeam on the beetling crag
Plays with her borrow'd light, while dazzled eyes
Behold not death's dark horrors, darker made
In many a hidden gulph which yawns below.
Religion, like the sun, alone reveals,
In its true form, the precipice of death,
And banishes distorted light and shade.
* * * * * *
* Still shall ye light the world: e'en from the tomb
Departed genius waves her quenchless flame,
To prove a beacon light to all mankind:
Still shall ye light the world, but wond'ring man
Shall view, with mingled pity and disgust,
The torch still blazing with infernal fires,
And think upon his Saviour's words: "Beware,
Lest light should in thy bosom darkness prove."
* * * * * *

(Unfinished.)

* The tombs of Rousseau and Voltaire, in the vaults of the Pantheon, at Paris, exactly resemble each other; and from each, a hand is extended, holding forth a flaming torch; and these words, or some resembling them, are engraved on each: "*I still light the world.*"

THE END.